

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PROFESSIONAL DUTIES.

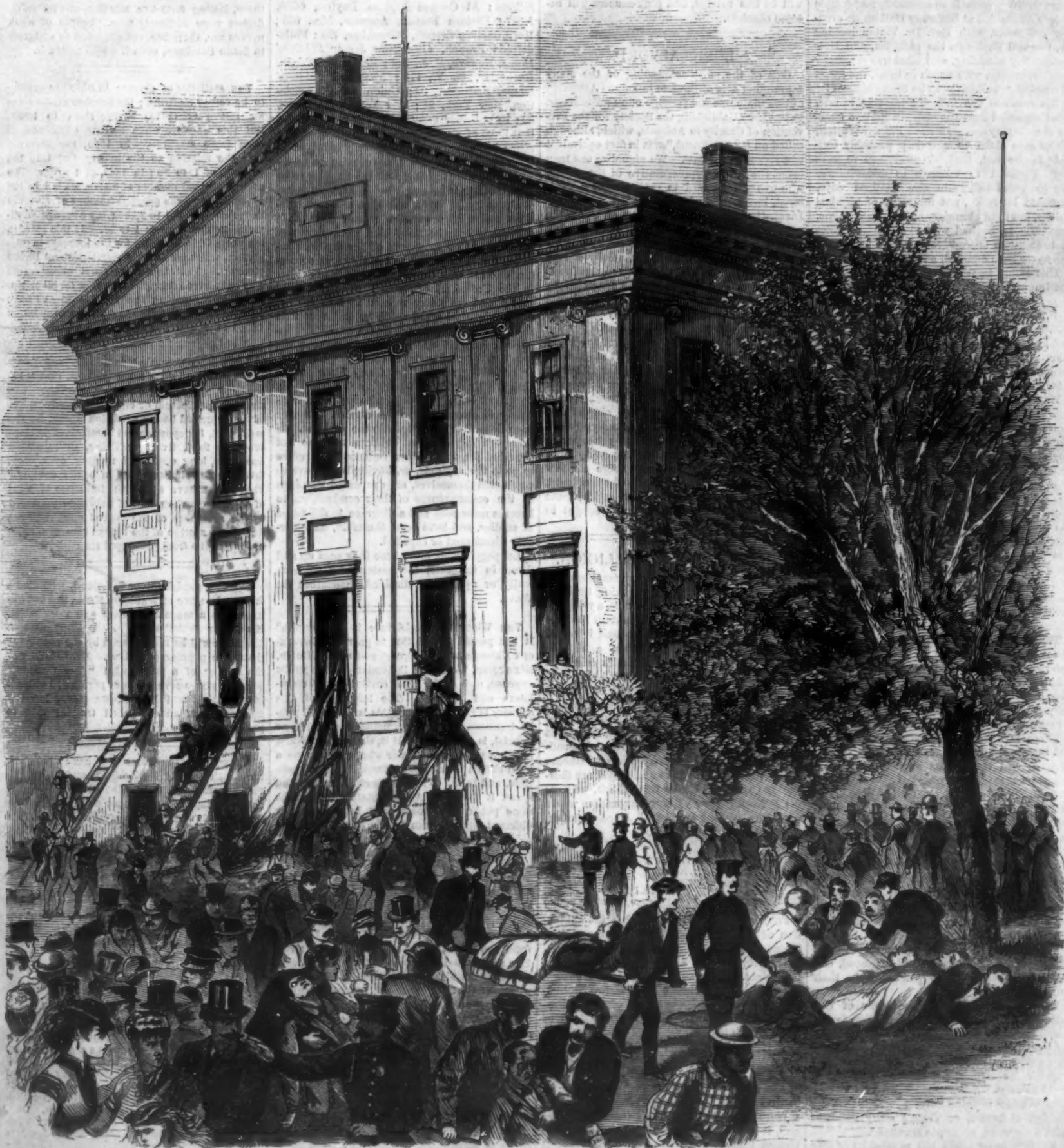
"WHAT are the permissible duties of counsel?" is not a new question, nor has it ever been answered satisfactorily. Can a lawyer, knowing his client to be a criminal, being himself an honorable man, and abhorring

crime, defend him at all? Can he do more than see that nothing which can tend to mitigate his client's crime shall remain undiscovered, and that nothing which may exaggerate it shall be brought forward against him? Is the counsel called upon by any rule, professional or other, to profess a conviction of the

innocence of his employer, when he either knows or has a distinct consciousness of his guilt? In other words, is he called on to violate his ideas of justice, of right and morality, and prostitute his natural abilities and his acquirements, as strumpets do their persons, for pay?

We leave these questions aside, as among those that are mooted, and in which the boundary line of duty and propriety is undefined.

But there can be no mistake in this, that no counsel can legitimately, or while professing to be either a reputable lawyer or an honorable or decent man, go out of his way to



VIRGINIA.—THE TERRIBLE CALAMITY AT THE STATE CAPITOL, CITY OF RICHMOND. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1870—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING—BRINGING OUT THE WOUNDED, THE DYING AND THE DEAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. LUMPKIN.—SEE PAGE 134.

malign, defame and injure third persons, characterizing them in the vilest terms known to our tongue, for any purpose whatever—most certainly not when he believes and knows these characterizations to be utterly false.

We have recently had the extraordinary spectacle of a lawyer indulging in the most astounding defamations of a woman, applying to her the vilest of epithets, in the court-house, and yet ingeniously informing us, in a public letter, that, as a man, he did not believe a word of what he said, but that his abuse and dirty insinuations were made professionally, and in the interest of his client! In other words, he fouled his own mouth, and attempted to be-foul a third person, whom he knew to be pure, because he was paid for it! If this be not prostitution, what is it?

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are imposters.

WALKING—THE NEW FASHION.

It was a rather extraordinary sight to see a large crowd of more than ordinarily respectable people assembled at Steinway Hall on an evening last week, with Rev. Dr. Vinton looking on, General Shaler on the platform, and Horace Greeley presiding, and what was especially notable, timing, with watch in hand, the speed of a noted "walkist"—as he terms himself!

The occasion was indeed a remarkable one, when regarded from the stand-point of a quarter of a century ago. Edward Payson Weston, whose sole claim to notoriety probably consists in the fact, that he undertook to walk from Portland to Chicago in mid-winter—five thousand miles—in one hundred days, in which he failed, not for want of physical energy, but from pecuniary not-coming-to-time. Furthermore, he had walked a hundred miles in twenty-two successive hours—a feat which has never been equaled, as he alleges.

This point, in the present consideration, is not important. That judges, divines, physicians, editors, and a large number of thinking men, should be present to see a man walk one mile—eighteen times round Steinway Hall, and ninety-six feet additional—in less than ten minutes, and one of the most distinguished men of his time holding the watch—this is remarkable.

Mr. Greeley, who introduced the "walkist," referred to the new interest which physical exercise was now exciting throughout the community, and Mr. Weston then delivered a rambling address. A portion of it was a quite elaborate disquisition on the beneficial effects of exercise on the physical and mental man. His address had special reference to the respect which all athletic pursuits received from the ancient Greeks and Romans. This portion was a learned and dignified paper, and was apparently the production of some other hand. It was the delivery, interlarded, and in a very abrupt manner, with personal anecdotes and irrelevant remarks, that constituted perhaps, the most interesting portion of the address, because personal and fresh.

That personal physical development conduces to mental vigor, is undoubted when the two run *pari passu*. Too often, however, it is that one is allowed to monopolize the attention, and the individual becomes either a mentally elevated, spindle-shanked dyspeptic, or a muscular, Herculean ignoramus.

There is a third consideration which was not mentioned by either Mr. Greeley or Mr. Weston, and that is the superior moral improvement made by physical development. The fatigues incurred by the development of the physical energies have a most beneficial influence on the nervous energies of the animal man.

Much of the crime, and more of the generally esteemed venial immoralities of the present generation, were absent from our ancestors, and this mainly because of the material difference between the hot-bed life of the present and the energetic, hardy out-of-door life of the past age.

Cere friget Venus, and physical fatigue, while it destroys no powers of manhood, balances the energies, and places all in their proper relative position.

The irritable, nervous conditions of city men, the cause of so much immorality, is impossible with out-of-door exposures and fatigues. Such life would make our literature stronger, substitute conceits for realities, arguments for fancies, and reason for persiflage and badinage.

One cannot imagine Socrates twaddle with the making of butter, or Train's crazy inanities with a vigorous, energetic manhood.

But how to reconcile the necessities of city life with health and vigor! Emancipation

from street-cars and omnibuses seems to be Weston's panacea. He painted an imperfect picture of men hanging on to the straps which fall from the tops of our city cars, imagined them arrived, nervous and tired, at their offices, after breathing for a half hour the fetid emanations of its crammed bodies, in comparison with the healthy glow of him who had walked down-town. He unquestionably is correct in the general principle. A rapid walk is a health producer, and the laziness which interferes with it is only followed by an increased and more persistent indisposition for exertion, with accompanying general malaise.

Walking must be made fashionable. Our young ladies—whose mothers thought nothing of walking from Rutgers street to the Battery, and around it a score of times, every fine afternoon, to meet their beaux—must make light of a stroll from Twenty-third street to the Grand Plaza of Central Park, and then home again. The fatigue will not equal a night's terpsichorean festivities in the confined air of the ball-room, and will be followed by far more beneficial results, as evinced in the vigor of the next morning.

Suppose some of our fashionable and untireable leaders in the German should start walks to the Park as a summer substitute! The first need be moderate; but before the season is over, we will venture to predict that a renowned walkist-ee will be as great a belle as the best polkist-ee in the fashionable circles. One result will be certain. Quinine and iron will be less needed, and pink-sauces will become obsolete.

BURNS-ALVORD.

ONE of the most astounding of the many astounding acts of the late infamous Assembly of this State was the passage of an amendment to the law establishing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which, although called an "amendment," was in fact equivalent to a repeal of the law. We signalize one man—not the vulgar representative of the slums, who was put forward to propose the amendment, but a man of general good repute, ex-Lieut.-Gov. Alvord—as the man on whom the greatest blame for the action of the Assembly should fall. He may depend on this, that his association with Mike Burns, or whatever may be the name of the metropolitan representative of the Five Points, will not be forgotten by humane and respectable people, if he should ever come up before them for any position of trust or emolument.

The Burns-Alvord amendment, we are happy to say, was killed in the Senate. It might have gone further and fared worse, for it surely could not have received Governor Hoffman's approval, and his veto would probably have been a good vindication of the objects and achievements of the Society. Politicians will lose more than they can gain by tampering with the existing law. Existing party lines are very loosely defined, and there are few party issues that can over-ride the sentiment involved in preserving the great and humane Society which Burns, Alvord & Co. sought to paralyze.

ANNEXATION AND RELIGION.

A CONTEMPORARY, discussing "manifest destiny," and the tendency for acquiring territory by annexation, takes, among others, a religious view of the matter. It says, that in 1860 the population of the United States was, in round numbers, 31,500,000. Of these, a reliable year-book of ecclesiastical statistics estimates that 21,000,000 were Protestants—not, perhaps, strictly communicants, but of Protestant sympathies. At this rate there are now about 28,000,000 Protestants in the United States. The estimate for Canada is, that about three-fifths are Protestant, the rest—descendants of the original French settlers—Catholic. Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico and Hayti are thoroughly Catholic. Under this exhibit, we have the following view of how annexation would affect the present religious balance of power, so to speak, of the United States:

	Protestant.	Catholic.
Canada	2,000,000	1,300,000
Mexico		8,000,000
Cuba, Porto Rico and Hayti..		2,600,000
	2,000,000	11,900,000

From which it will be seen that the unification of this continent would give the United States an additional population of 14,000,000, in the proportion of about six Catholics to one Protestant. Such an addition would change the present approximate ratio of two Protestants to every Catholic to a ratio of fifteen Protestants to thirteen Catholics; or, instead of being as two to one, as one and two-thirteenths to one. Further, it is to be considered that, while Mexico and the Antilles present no evidence of a spread of Protestantism, it is one of the signs of the times that Catholicity is progressing in the United States, and also, in a more limited degree, in Canada. Further still, it is to be considered that, while the Protestant interest is subdivided, Catholicity is organized like an army, and wherever religion

touches the state, could wield almost every Catholic voter with as much certainty as a general counts upon his veteran troops. As stated, the population of the United States is now close on 42,000,000. Out of this, 5,500,000 votes, in round numbers, were cast at the late Presidential election, or about one vote in eight. Applying this ratio to the 14,000,000 Mexicans, Canadians, Cubans, Haytians and Porto Ricans, we perceive that on any politico-religious test their vote would stand close on to a million and a half Catholic, to some three hundred thousand Protestant. How far this and the other religious aspects of annexation may make for or against it, the writer does not say; he does not argue the question on either side, but merely presents facts and probabilities for the consideration of others.

DISABLED SOLDIERS.

NO NATION in the world ever sustained its soldiers in the field, or their families and dependents at home, with such large liberality as did the United States during the war. No nation ever contributed so generously toward the support of its disabled defenders, and the amelioration of their condition, as have our people since the war. Among the numerous appliances for this purpose has been the establishment of a number of "National Asylums for Disabled Soldiers." From a recent report to Congress, it appears that there are, at this time, 3,802 beneficiaries in these asylums, as follows: At Central Asylum, Dayton, Ohio, 1,637; Eastern Branch, Augusta, Me., 635; Northwestern Branch, Milwaukee, 425; Philadelphia Branch, 419; New Jersey Soldiers' Home, Newark, N. J., 323; Rochester Branch, Rochester, N. Y., 170; Maryland Soldiers' Home, Baltimore, 33; Union Relief Association, New York, 21; New York State Home, 50; by out-door relief, 89. The report shows that most of the begging, organ-grinding, and other like pursuits, so commonly indulged in by cripples in the cities, are carried on by associations which pick up all the cripples to be found willing to be employed in such pursuits, at starvation salaries, and that these associations make large sums of money from each employed, out of the misguided benevolence of mankind. The managers of the asylums announce that they have full ability and accommodation to take care of every disabled soldier in the United States, who applies to them; that they have never refused to take care of honorably discharged soldiers, and that it is the fault of the soldier alone if he is either supporting himself by begging, or become dependent upon alms or the charity of anybody, or is asking any aid from any State in the Union. No soldier, disabled in the line of his duty, and able to show it, who has been honorably discharged from the service, has ever been denied admittance into the asylums. If there are any disabled soldiers who are not provided for, it is either because they refuse to go to the asylums, or, having been, have so conducted themselves, after repeated warnings as the consequences of their conduct, as to become nuisances and a disgrace to the name of soldier, and have been, therefore, dishonorably discharged or expelled.

Let people, who, every time they pass up and down in the cars, are pestered by soldiers, really or apparently disabled, remember the above.

THE Wisconsin Legislature is "a stupid." It has passed a resolution to print the Governor's Message in five languages—German, Dutch, Norwegian, Welsh and Bohemian—at the public expense, and to the great emolument of translators and printers. The language of this country is English, and in this language all public business, whether municipal, legislative, or judicial, is transacted. It is, therefore, the first public duty of a foreigner who has become a legal citizen to acquire as much English as possible, and to see to it that his children read and speak it fluently. A small State, in which the same public documents must be issued in six different tongues, can hardly be making desirable progress in popular assimilation.

THE advance in scientific appliances that has been made during the past twenty years cannot be better illustrated than in the cheap and rapid manner in which a new tunnel has been constructed under the Thames, London, from Tower Hill to the other side of the river. This new tunnel has been but a year in course of construction, and its cost but \$100,000; whereas the old Thames tunnel occupied eighteen years in construction, and cost over \$2,500,000. This new tunnel consists of a circular driftway, seven feet three inches in diameter, having an inclination from either side toward the centre of the river of one in thirty. It is approached on each bank by a perpendicular shaft, that on the Middlesex side being fifty-six feet deep, and that on the Surrey side fifty-two feet. The lift at either end consists of an iron chamber, to the roof of which a chain is attached, which passes over a pulley at the head of the shaft, and at the other end

is fixed to a balance weight, capable of adjustment according to the number of passengers in the lift. The bottom of each shaft communicates with a waiting-room, having seats along the sides. Along the tunnel is laid a railway of two feet six inches gauge, on which a small omnibus runs, capable of accommodating fourteen passengers at one time. Under the level of the tunnel, at the bottom of each shaft, there is an engine-room containing a four-horse power engine for raising and lowering the lifts, and that on the Surrey side is also employed for hauling the omnibus, which is driven by means of an endless steel cord passing round a vertical pulley-wheel at the Surrey end of the tunnel, and a horizontal pulley-wheel placed between the rails at the Middlesex end.

WE have got Alaska, with its icebergs, and have made an attempt on St. Thomas, with its yellow fever, hurricanes and earthquakes. To complete the assortment of startling phenomena, we are now after Santo Domingo, which excels in electrical freaks. According to Mr. Ackermann, who has, during a series of five years, made meteorological observations at Port-au-Prince, there have, on an average, been 129 days of each year either severe thunderstorms or other very marked electrical phenomena, especially during the months of May, July, August and September. Severe thunderstorms more frequently occur during day than night time. The year 1868 was especially remarkable for severe thunderstorms; during one of these, lasting forty-five minutes, 400 lightning flashes were distinctly seen. People of weak nerves are, therefore, not expected to emigrate to Santo Domingo, even if we do annex it.

THE statistics of divorce in Ohio are getting to be rather startling; the number of divorces for last year (1869) having risen to 1,003. But this exhibit, when further explained, is even more startling. In 1866, the divorces bore the relation to the marriages of 1 to 26; in 1867, of 1 to 30; in 1869, of 1 to 20. The average annual number of marriages is 1 to 100 of population; the average number of divorces to population is 1 to 2,300; the average of divorce to marriage is 1 to 28. At this rate, in ten years Ohio, allowing for the increase in population, will have 300,000 marriages and 10,000 divorces. That this rate is not exaggerated may be inferred from the fact, that for all causes the divorces during the years 1865—69 have been 4,906. Is it not almost a farce to speak in Ohio of the "marriage tie"?

THE British Commissioners in Lunacy give it as the result of their investigations, that "Insanity is essentially a disease, not of the overstrained intellectual or emotional faculties, but of the depraved bodily condition which, for the most part, is dependent on insufficient or inappropriate food, irregular living, overcrowded dwellings, long continued nursing, over-work, fever, or any similar cause of bodily debility." They might have added the influence of want of mental exertion, and of hebetude produced by the sameness of the mental surroundings; for a large section of the human race dies more or less insane from prolonged stupidity.

THE late genial Oliver S. Leland, who died a few weeks since at Waltham, Mass., was not unknown as a magazine writer and a dramatist. His earlier contributions to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* will be remembered by the readers of that once popular periodical. Mr. Leland was the author of a play called "The Czarina," which has been several times performed at leading theatres, and he has, we learn, left the manuscript of an unfinished tragedy said to possess decided merit.

AMONG the few States that have abolished the death penalty is Michigan, and there the result seems to have justified all that the opponents of capital punishment have claimed as the probable consequence of its abolition. This abolition took place in 1847, twenty-two years ago, and since then the commitments for murder have diminished from two and seven-tenths to one and three-tenths of the aggregate of criminals.

CAUSES OF CONSUMPTION—IS IT CONTAGIOUS?

NUMBER TWO.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

AS ALREADY observed, consumption is a disease affecting very many, perhaps every part and organ of the system. It follows, therefore, that the original cause must be a general one, or, as we sometimes say, it is a constitutional affection. The exciting causes may be, and probably are, different. The various members of a family, having the same original constitutional cause, have various manifestations. One, having passed a healthy life up to a certain period, meets with some reverse, and the result is a severe mental excitement, prolonged for quite a period. Softening of the brain may be

his affection. Another, after a career of dissipation, finds that his overtaxed organs become diseased, and Bright's disease (so called because first carefully studied and described by Dr. Bright) attacks him. A poor sister, wearied out by care and fatigue, has her lungs irritated by a slight cold, and pulmonary consumption soon finishes her troubled career. Her little child soon follows her; for, deprived of her natural food, the bowels become irritated, and the sympathizing glands soon are affected by the tuberculous family disease, and *tubercles mesenterici* is the last disguise in which the same disease has invaded the family, and swept them all away to a common lot.

The hereditary cause is probably the underlying, remote origin of all these cases, but the exciting proximate cause was different in each person, and, therefore, we see the diverse manifestations of the same disease.

But there are other instances of consumption, and not infrequent where we can see no hereditary element. And this fact forces us to recognize that there is one of the results of general physical exhaustion. Certain debilitating diseases usually end in consumption—as, for instance, diabetes. The sufferer with this disease is gradually emaciated, till, toward the close, tubercular deposits are made in the lungs, which rapidly run their course, and, adding to the co-existing debility, soon relieve the individual from his sufferings. There are many of these wasting diseases which thus eventuate, and which it is unnecessary here to mention.

The most active originating cause of consumption, so far as my individual observation has gone, has been the poisoning results of venereal disease, which, when once fully affecting the system, is removed with great difficulty and uncertainty, and, in some constitutions, only by medicines which are as bad as the disease.

It is, however, in the children—"even to the third and fourth generation"—of those begotten of parents imperfectly cured that I have noted the apparently spontaneous generation of this tuberculous disease. They have inherited debilitated constitutions, and tuberculous degeneration has seemed to be a natural issue.

General physical exhaustion from overwork, great mental anxiety, or prolonged wasting affections are exciting causes. The poor, hard-worked, scantily-fed, and those exhausted, like our soldier prisoners at Andersonville, etc., by hardships, exposure and chronic diarrhoea, easily develop consumption.

The temperance reformation had for its result, in those parts of the country where it was general, a change of the diseases of that country. The drinker of spirits in excess died, as we know, from delirium and diseases of the liver, etc., but the temperate drinker died of acute inflammation and active disease, from plethoria; whereas the teetotaler dies from wasting affections, from a want of power, and from *anæmia*.

Dr. Bowditch considers the dampness of one's residence a leading cause of the prevalence of consumption, and thinks that houses shaded with trees are a common cause, and he brings corroborating instances to the support of this opinion. But why the disease is as common (if not more prevalent) in this country than in England, Ireland and Holland, when the dampness of the latter is so markedly greater than here, he has not yet explained.

Some distinguished European writers have considered that a clayey soil was an originating cause; and perhaps this is but another form for stating that dampness originates it, as the clay strata in valleys forms a basin in which water is constantly stagnant. Dr. Drake, a late physician of great eminence in the West, says that in those regions where intermittent fevers were formerly rife, consumption is now very prevalent. It is, therefore, evident that to impure air, whether in crowded bed-rooms at night, in workshops, or from the impurities it contains derivable from malaria or any other cause—consumption is generated. It is generally recognized that the air of Brooklyn and Staten Island are very trying to those having weak lungs.

Finally, not to add to this list of causes, it is, under certain circumstances, I believe, personally communicable. Persons who are assiduously devoted to the case of a consumptive—as we sometimes see—living constantly in the same room, sleeping even in the same bed, sometimes lying close to them (when poor) to give them heat from their own bodies, I have known, so far as I can know anything, to have caught the disease from the sufferer. Where the nurse is a mother, sister, or other relative, we may well reason that the disease was in the blood, in the family, and was but developed by the fatigue and exposures incident to nursing, etc. But I will condense one instance for several in my experience.

John was a healthy young man, of a family from Baltimore, moved to New York, where father, mother, a brother, and sister—all the children there ever were—were living in perfect health. John went to B—, and there married a girl then affected with consumption. She lingered for a year or two, and was assiduously nursed night and day by John, sleeping in the same bed, and occupying a small room. He died with the same disease about a year after her death, and which was apparently commenced some three months before her death—it could have been ascribed to no other cause, except fatigue, want of sleep, and mental emotion. He has been dead several years, and no other cases have occurred in the family.

Ordinarily, however, consumption is not communicable, and would not have been in the above case, if it had not been from the excessive and foolish devotion of the husband, who never left her presence, not even for a walk; surrendering business, and every moment of his time to attend to her. When warned that he would make himself ill, he declared that he hoped he might get sick and die with her.

I have not known more than five or six cases

where the disease was thus transmitted by personal contact—and the profession generally, I think, are not prepared to accept the contagiousness of consumption, in any case, as a fact.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The English Universities' Boat-Race.

In our last issue we gave a bird's-eye view of the course—on the river Thames, near London—selected by the boats' crews of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, on which to test the question of superiority as oarsmen—one which has been persistently followed up by the Cambridge men for many years, and, since 1860, annually decided in favor of their opponents of Oxford. The engraving in this number illustrates the close of the race—that last moment at Mortlake, when the Cambridge boat passed the winning point, a length and one-third in advance of that of Oxford, while the close of the contest was announced by the firing of a gun from one of the vessels moored close to the Middlesex shore.

The Crèche, or Child's Nursery, at Paris.

There are, in Paris, several *crèches*, or infant asylums, where children receive food and attendance during the day, while their mothers are at work. The principal one, *Sainte Eugénie*, which we illustrate, is situated in Crimée Street, in a pleasant and healthy part of Paris, and is supported entirely by charity. The scene in the dining-room at noon is very animated, when all the children, after being washed and dressed, are led in by the matrons of the different charges. The little ones are all seated on benches inside a circular railing, and a matron, seated in the middle, helps each child, from a large bowl of soup, after which follows a course of simple and nutritious dishes, adapted to their different ages. The establishment is thrown open during the day to visitors, who are generally of the higher classes, and often make presents of considerable value, either in goods or money. It is said that the idea of forming these asylums was suggested to M. Marbeau, by seeing a poor woman one day give her child to a nurse, while she went to her work. The interior arrangements of this asylum are in every respect admirable, and everything is conducted with the greatest order and propriety. Lavatories, dormitories, and amusements calculated to engage the attention of children of two and three years of age, are provided. This nursery is growing in favor with all classes of the population, and bids fair to become one of the prominent institutions of Paris. A child's nursery, on the plan of the Paris Crèche, ought to be opened in this city. There are hundreds of poor, hard-working women in New York, who have infants they would gladly entrust to the arms of nurses, whom they knew would care for them during their hours of constrained absence.

A Soup-Kitchen in Berlin.

By order of the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, soup of excellent quality has been served in liberal quantities to the very poor of New York. The soup-kitchens of the Commissioners are placed in the more thickly populated sections of the city, and there is little question that they have been, in connection with other agencies, productive of much good. In Germany (as in England and the United States), where, however, a small charge is made for the generous liquid, immense quantities are distributed in the winter months, and eagerly conveyed in small kettles to the residences of those who, either from age or physical inability, cannot personally purchase it. To show how necessary the soup-kitchen is to the Berliners, we cite the interesting fact that, between the 10th and 25th of February, 111,355 quarts of soup were sold to their poorer classes. The engraving gives a clear idea of the character of the place, and of the people who frequent it in the winter months. On the right, the soup is being supplied to the hungry customers from large wooden tubs. In the centre, people are entering from the street, and casting wistful glances toward the basins of steaming soup that are being handed about. On the left, three or four little boys are watching a woman feed her baby, and several fresh-comers, including a bald-headed old man, are about to take their seats, and also to receive their share of the soup.

Blessing the Paschal Lamb.

There are, for the Pope's table, two Paschal lambs killed at Easter. These are blessed on St. Agnes' day, (January 21st), in the church of St. Agnes, which is outside the city walls of Rome, on the Tivoli road. This year, the ceremony was gone through with in the presence of a large congregation. The celebrant was Cardinal Barilli. The animals having been banded with red ribbon, and placed on cushions, were taken into the church and laid upon the altar. At the close of High Mass they were sprinkled with holy water, and a formal sentence of benediction pronounced over them. It is usual for the Pope, at Easter, to make a present of one of these animals to some royal personage; while the other is partly eaten at his dinner, and that of his household, on Easter Sunday, and partly given to the poor. The wool of these lambs is carefully preserved, spun into yarn by the nuns of St. Agnes, and woven into cloth for the sacred pallium. This vestment, on being blessed by the Pope, is laid upon the tomb of the Agostine, under the great dome of St. Peter's.

The Fetes of Kourban-Beiram.

Succeeding the Mohammedan fast of Ramadan, which corresponds to the Lenten season in the Christian world, are the fetes of the Kourban-Beiram, in which, the followers of the Prophet indulge with a gusto one would imagine, from their customary gravity and reticence, they were wholly incapable. Our illustration conveys a pretty accurate idea of the way in which the denizens of Jaffa, in Palestine, countenance the amusements of the hour. Gymnasts show their prowess, while less daring citizens indulge in the swing; and others, whose organ of "alimentiveness" is marked "seven, plus" on the phrenologist's scale of mental forces, feast on the sweets and sours the vendors of fruits, etc., offer them. The fetes of the Kourban-Beiram are annually held without the walls of Jaffa.

Revolt of Felons in the Prison Djessair-Khan, Smyrna.

On the 19th of March, the convicts in the Djessair-Khan, Smyrna, having surreptitiously obtained arms and ammunition, made an unexpected and desperate attack on the soldiers guarding the prison, believing that they would thus be enabled to escape before assistance could be called to reinforce the guard. In this, however, they made a mistake. The soldiers of the municipality responded, without a moment's delay, to the signal for assistance, and boldly attacked

the convicts. The prisoners, finding themselves in a desperate strait, rallied in the open space, and prepared to resist an attack with bayonets by the guard. While in this position, the soldiers of the city entered the corridors commanding the yard, and opening from three sides a simultaneous fire, seriously wounded and killed outright many of the prisoners. The survivors, seeing their leaders fall, and becoming disheartened, threw down their arms and surrendered to the guard.

Fight between the Cubans and Spaniards at Rio Honda, Cuba.

The engraving illustrates the scene of an encounter between the patriot forces—surprised on the banks of the Honda, a small river in the interior of the island—and a large force of Andalusian volunteers. The fighting was hot and spirited, and was contested on both sides with obstinacy. The patriots were forced to retire from the superior numbers of their assailants, with a loss of 17 killed, and 15 wounded, who were subsequently captured by the enemy.

Tax-Riot at Madrid, Spain.

The tax-payers of Madrid, a town in Spain, recently refused to pay their taxes, which they alleged were excessive, and had been enormously increased. A general riot ensued, led on by some zealous Carlists, in which several were killed, and a number seriously injured, on both sides. The fight was long and bitter, and was only ended by the appearance of a large armed force, who arrested several of the most active. This is but one of a number of riots which have broken out within the last year in Spain, and may be traced to the same cause—exorbitant taxes and conscription.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

SULPHUR beds have been discovered in California, and the quantity refined is increasing daily.

THE returns from the department of Eure et Loire and Yonne point to a dreadful prevalence of infanticide. About sixty per cent. of the illegitimate children are murdered.

DR. DYER, of Philadelphia, has made a post-mortem examination of the eyes of four executed criminals, and in each case he found a greater or less fracture of the crystalline lens.

THE mortality of Paris during the last week of February was unusually high. *Les Mondes* gives an abstract of the returns, and compares them with those of London. In Paris 14 people died of small-pox for one in London, but 58 die of scarlatina in London for 1 in Paris. Pneumonia kills 3 in Paris for 1 in London, in spite of the fog.

M. SPANNO, in a paper read at Brussels, remarks that Strabo asserts that the ancient Irish considered it creditable to eat the bodies of their parents, and that St. Jerome speaks of cannibals in Gaul. These ancient authorities, added to the peculiar way in which human remains found in caves are often fractured, establish, in M. Spanno's opinion, the fact that all the inhabitants of north-west Europe were at one time anthropophagous.

M. ANDRÉ LEMBOY, of Antwerp, is engaged on a Dictionary of Pomology; three large volumes are ready, and treat of pears, apples, quinces, service-trees and medlars. Two more volumes will complete the work, one of which will treat of stone-fruits, the other of grapes and miscellaneous fruits. Each species of fruit is treated in an elaborate way, and to the mode of its culture is prefixed a history of its culture (besides several types of each variety, 915 varieties of pears are described), and each description is accompanied by a woodcut.

SEALLANZI found that the swallow can fly at the rate of 92 miles an hour, and he computes the rapidity of the swift to be not less than 250 miles an hour. If it can move at this rate even for a short distance, the swift must be ranked as the swiftest of birds. The common crow can make about 25 miles, the elder duck 90 miles, the eagle 140 miles, the hawk and many other birds 160 miles, per hour. The flight of migratory birds does not probably exceed 50 miles within the hour. A falcon belonging to Henry IV. of France escaped from Fontainebleau and was found at Malta, having made at least 1,550 miles within 24 hours. Sir John Ross, on the 6th of October, 1850, dispatched from Assistance Bay two young carrier pigeons, and on October 13th one of them reached its dovecote in Ayrshire, Scotland. The direct distance being about 2,000 miles, the speed was comparatively slow. Birds whose flights have excited astonishment have been in most instances assisted by aerial currents moving in the same direction.

ALFRED NOBEL, the engineer who first practically applied nitro-glycerine to blasting purposes, has recently taken out a patent in England for a new explosive compound. According to the inventor, a mixture of nitrate of potash, soda, baryta or lead, with resin, sugar, starch, or other bodies rich in carbon, cannot be employed for blasting except under strong pressure; but if moistened with a small quantity of nitro-glycerine, so that each grain is surrounded by a layer of it, the mass will become explosive under ordinary circumstances. Nobel gives the following proportions for his new blasting material: 68 parts of nitrate of baryta, 12 parts of charcoal, if possible, such as contains some hydrogen, and 20 parts of nitro-glycerine; or, 70 parts nitrate of baryta, 10 of resin, and 20 of nitro-glycerine. An addition of 5 to 8 parts of sulphur enhances the effect, but diminishes the safety. It is set on fire by ordinary primers with fulminate of mercury.

THE colors which the Creator has given to flowers are as rich as they are varied; nor are they distributed at random, but are always in harmony with the temperature of the region in which they are produced, and with the season in which they unfold. "Of all the colors," says Bernardin de S. Pierre, "white is the one best adapted to reflect the heat, and it is that which, speaking generally, Nature has bestowed on flowers opening in cold seasons or cold situations; such as the Snowdrop, the Lily of the Valley, etc. We must add to the white those which have a pink or light-blue tinge, as some hyacinths, and those that are yellow—the Buttercup, Dandelion, and Wall-flower. But flowers which open in warm spots and seasons—the Corn-flower, the Poppy, etc., which appear in harvest time—enjoy very pronounced colors, such as purple, red, and blue, which absorb the heat, radiation being reduced to a minimum. I do not know of a single purely black flower; for petals without the quality of reflection would be useless." The same writer remarks also, with much reason, that the form of the corolla is equally adapted to reflect the heat; that it is, in fact, like a mirror placed in front of a fire.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

RUBINSTEIN'S oratorio, "The Tower of Babel," has been performed with great success at Vienna.

TOMHEST, the little tenor, is singing in the English provinces with De Murska, Santley, Moremal, and others.

TAUSIG is described by an enthusiast as "the most thoroughly cheerful and joyous pianist ever heard."

MR. BANDMANN, the tragedian, is acting at Melbourne, Australia, where he seems to have awakened great enthusiasm.

An English countess has bequeathed £666, to be invested for the benefit of the organist and choir of Witham Church, Sussex.

THE opera of "Oberon," given recently in Chicago, by the Parepa-Rosa troupe, was received with much interest and approbation.

ELISA TRAFFORD, a prima donna who is singing at Salerno, Italy, attracts much attention in that remote quarter. She is an English girl.

Mrs. J. A. OATES' burlesque troupe has possession of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. She leaves there for St. Paul, in June.

M. AUGUST LAMIEUX, formerly manager of the Odeon, and for many years editor of the "Revue and Gazette des Theatres," died in Paris recently.

THE next season of the New York Central Park Garden popular concerts will commence on the 9th of May, with Mr. Theodore Thomas as conductor.

It is said that Mme. Adelina Patti Caux strains and fatigues her voice more now than she was allowed to do when under the management of M. Strakosch.

MISS MADIGAN, a young girl with a fresh mezzo-soprano voice and good stage presence, has made her debut in the London opera as Marcellina in "Fidelio," to the Leonora of Titiens.

OBERTHUR, the harpist, has returned to London, after a long professional tour in Germany. At Ratisbon he was made happy because the Princess of Tour and Taxis attended his concert.

THE Emperor Napoleon and his prime minister, both of whom are said to be passable violinists, are to perform a violin duet at one of the amateur concerts soon to be given at the Tuilleries.

CHARLES R. RAYDEN, a young tenor from Columbus, O., and more recently a choir-singer in New York, sang a solo at the concert given in Leipzig on the 20th of March in memory of Moscheles.

MR. WILLIAM F. KOTCH is about leading a concert troupe into the interior of New York. Miss Kellogg, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Lott, Mr. Randoll, and Mr. Werner are the artists engaged in this venture.

THE "Man Flute" is the title given to a certain Don Ferreira, who is now performing at a Belfast theatre. He produces all the effects of a flute without having recourse to any instrument whatever.

THE scene of the new play written by Alexandre Dumas, for Lydia Thompson, is laid partly in South America, and partly in Paris, and the period is during the Regency in France in the eighteenth century.

"PARADISE AND THE PERI" is the title of a new cantata to be produced at the coming Birmingham festival. It is composed by J. F. Barnett. Schumann, as all musical amateurs know, wrote a cantata to the same subject.

FREDERIC LEMAIRE, one of the most accomplished artists on the French stage, and the original "Don Cesar de Bazan," is about to retire from the theatrical world, and devote his leisure to writing his memoirs, which should be interesting.

MR. FECHTER's return to New York (April 27th) was greeted by a thronging audience at the French Theatre. He made his *rendezvous* as Claude Melnotte in Hulwer's well-known drama, a part in which he had not hitherto appeared in this city.

THE annual concert of the Musical Fund Society will be given on the 21st of May, at the Academy of Music. There will be a grand orchestra, with Carl Bergmann and Theodore Thomas for conductors, and many eminent solo artists may be expected to contribute their services.

C. D. HESS has organized an English opera troupe for the coming season, consisting of all the principal members of the Parepa-Rosa company, except the Rosas themselves, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowler, Mr. Drayton and Mr. Peakes, who are the best members of the Richings-Bernard troupe.

THE chief event at the Theatre Royal, Bath, England, since Lent, has been the production of the great drama of "Faust," as played by Charles Kean, at the Princess's. The drama has been splendidly mounted and placed upon the stage with all the accessories of scenery and limelight and chorus.

THE London Philharmonic Society has begun its fifty-eighth season of concerts at St. James's Hall. Mr. W. G. Cousins is still the conductor. The programme of the first concert of the season included a manuscript symphony by Cherubini, Beethoven's C minor symphony, and overtures by Weber and Beethoven.

In a recent ballet, entitled "Nemee," at the French opera, London, an extremely pretty effect was produced by a dance of young women, representing fireflies, on the dim stage. Each blue-winged dancer bore an emerald light upon her forehead, and amongst the foliage in the background the fireflies flashed by myriads.

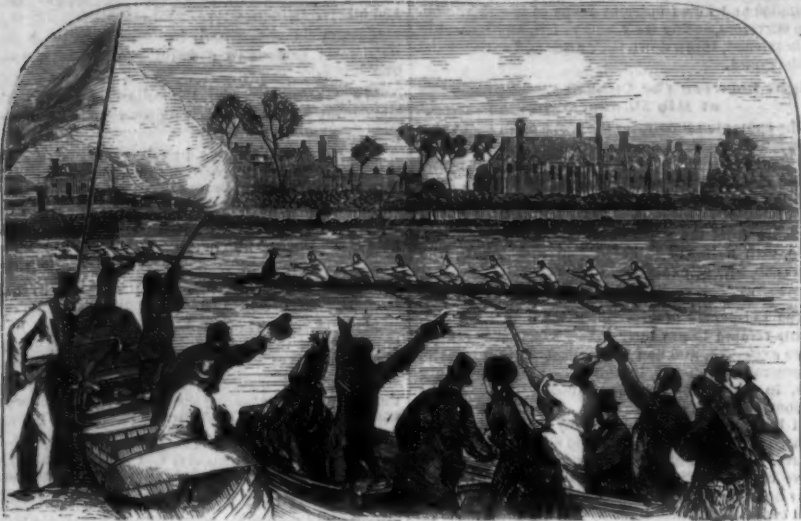
At the second concert given by the new Philharmonic Society at St. James's Hall, London, a novelty was introduced in the shape of Schubert's overture in the Italian style, a work which was not published until after the composer's death. It is a delightful composition, very sparkling, and full of traces of Schubert's peculiar genius.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP, at a concert last week, introduced, for the first time, a new and extremely pretty ballad, called "Just Twenty Years Ago," composed by Stephen Massett. The lady sang it most charmingly, and was enthusiastically encored. The song must become very popular, for the melody is beautiful, and the words extremely pleasing.

MISS MARIA PENNINGTON, of Salisbury, N. H., a blind singer and composer of music, is necessitated by adverse circumstances, to pass the remainder of her days in the poor-house. Her sister died a short time ago. Several gentlemen in Salisbury have redeemed the surviving sister's piano, which was mortgaged for nearly its full value, and in a pauper's home she is to be allowed to keep her instrument.

MISS CARY, a young American contralto, has made her first appearance in London as Orsini in "Lucrezia Borgia," under the stage name of Mlle. Carl. The critics give her mild praise and much encouragement. Mrs. Van Zandt (Mrs. Vassini) is also singing in London, with general success. Miss La Jeunesse, of Albany, is singing in the smaller Italian towns as Signorina Albani. Miss Minnie Hancock is prospecting in Russia, and has the good sense to use her own name. Mrs. Barry, of Boston, and Mrs. Emeline Reed are going abroad to perfect their musical education. So America gives tone to the world.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 131.



ENGLAND.—THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE, ON THE RIVER THAMES, NEAR LONDON.



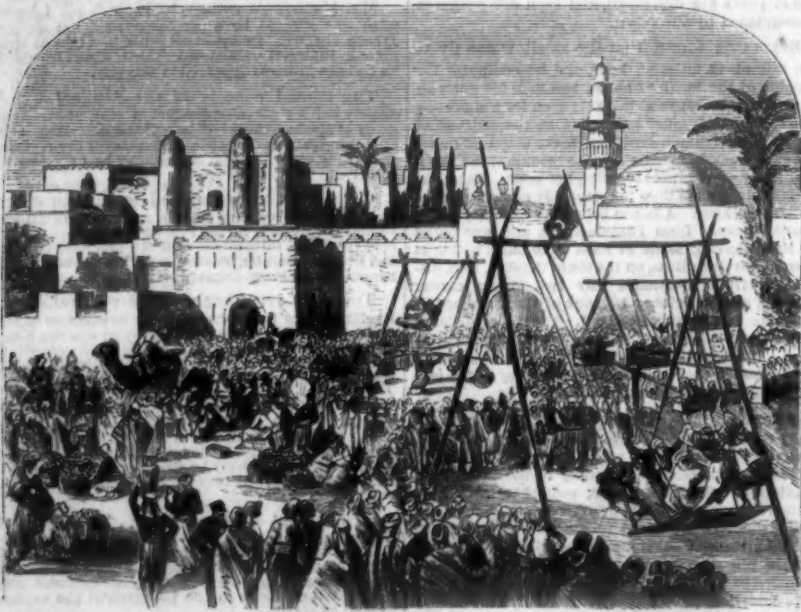
FRANCE.—THE CRECHE, OR INFANT-ASYLUM, FOR THE TEMPORARY CARE OF CHILDREN, PARIS.



PRUSSIA.—A CHEAP SOUP-KITCHEN, AND HOW THE POOR ARE FED IN THE CITY OF BERLIN.



ROME.—BLESSING THE PASCHAL-LAMB IN THE CHURCH OF ST. AGNES, WITHOUT THE CITY WALLS.



PALESTINE.—THE MOHAMMEDAN FETES OF KOURBAN-BEIRAM, WITHOUT THE WALLS OF JAFFA.



ASIA MINOR.—REVOLT OF THE CONVICTS IN THE PRISON DJEZAIR-KHAN, AT SMYRNA.



SPAIN.—RESISTANCE OF THE INHABITANTS OF MACEDA TO THE IMPOSITION OF TAXES.



CUBA.—FIGHT BETWEEN THE PATRIOTS AND THE SPANISH SOLDIERS, AT RIO HONDC, CUBA.

HENRY CLEWS,
BANKER.

THE establishment, in London, of a branch-house of the firm of Clews & Co., of this city, is an important feature in the commercial history of this country. Previously to the recent departure of Mr. C. Edward Habicht, as representative of the new branch of the firm, a magnificent reception was given to that gentleman at the rooms of the Union League Club, at which were present several hundred of the most influential business men of the metropolis. Mr. Habicht, who, for the past twenty-four years, has held, in this country, the position of Consul-General of Norway and Sweden, assumes now a partnership in the London enterprise, established under the firm name of Clews, Habicht & Co.

The subjoined sketch of the career of Mr. Henry Clews is from the New York Mercantile Journal:

"As nations advance in wealth and numbers, and as their commercial affairs multiply, the character of their private banking firms becomes of the highest importance.

"Trade watches the manipulations of those who handle its medium of exchange with the keenest and most anxious scrutiny. Distrust in reference to the processes that transfer money is instantly felt to the remotest extremity of the body politic, and in order to keep the latter in healthy action, the flow must be pure and regular in a business point of view, and must sweep through uncontaminated channels.

"We have been led to these remarks by careful observation of some of our high-toned banking firms, and the saving influence which they have exercised over business by the excellence of their example. Among these, the house of Henry Clews & Co. has become eminent, of late years, for those qualities that should distinguish the financial calling.

"Henry Clews, Esq., the senior partner and head of this esteemed house—a native of England, and about thirty-six years of age—came to the United States as early as 1849, with his father, whose heavy connection with American trade gave the young man an immediate opportunity of noting the active, enterprising, and yet peculiarly practical tone of our people.

"The latter so won upon him that he determined to abandon the study for the ministry, which had been his first intention, and betake himself to business. With this view he quickly sought and obtained a clerkship in one of the most prominent woolen houses of the day, where his untiring industry for a probationary term of nine years—his integrity, promptitude, intelligence, and, at the same time, his excellent personal habits and amiability of temperament—gave him solid position, and won for him, literally, hosts of friends. Mr. Wilson G. Hunt, the head of the house where he was thus employed, bestowed upon him the highest marks of approval as his service lengthened, and, at last, when Mr. Clews sought an independent path, vouched for his ability and integrity.



HENRY CLEWS, BANKER, NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.

"At the early age of twenty-five, Mr. Clews became a member of the enterprising banking firm of Stout, Clews & Mason. After one or two changes of title, but all the while rising in public esteem, the house is now established, and respected, far and wide, under the title of Henry Clews & Co.

"The same energy, clear-sightedness, and activity, which had given the subject of our sketch his first success, attended him as he advanced. From dealing in commercial paper, he took up Government securities, when heavy loans were continually negotiated for the nation. The needs of the country were pressing, and in the patriotism and intellect of Mr. Clews found timely help. By his arguments and ready investments, other capitalists were encouraged to step forward at the moment when weaker heads and older hearts were afraid to endorse the Union loan. To his example, Mr. Clews added the influence of personal representation, and by his agreeable manners, as

well as by the resources of his thorough business knowledge, carried many a firm with him in the good work, which otherwise might have stood aloof. His faith never swerved in the darkest hours of the country's trials, and as the clouds grew more somber, his enthusiasm only heightened.

At length, in 1864-65, the Clews concern had raised its business operations to several millions per diem, of which the National loan received a goodly share.

At last the war terminated, and Mr. Clews and his associates found themselves among the wealthiest and most distinguished of American bankers. This position was easily maintained and steadily improved, until 1868, when all stock operations for members of the firm, either individually or collectively, were, by written agreement, abandoned. As the country, resuming its activity, began to breathe freely again, and the busy hum of railroad preparation was heard from all quarters, making ready for a

new development of national prosperity, Mr. Clews found fresh opportunities for beneficial investment, and of these his sagacious mind and acquired experience made brilliant use. The national securities, which he held, were sold by him to an extent sufficient to set free a considerable amount of the capital that he had placed in them, and these funds were, at once, reinvested in railroad loans. At the present time, the Clews firm are the financial agents of some of the most important roads in the United States.

"The passing visitor in Wall street has but to glance at the busy throng which hurries in and out of their spacious offices, in the edifice formerly used by the United States Treasury, through the working-day, in order to feel satisfied that Mr. Clews has a large measure of public confidence and esteem. The impression is general, that when his name appears in connection with any projected improvement, all is well. Nor is Mr. Clews unaccustomed to express his financial opinions with terseness and power. He wields a trenchant pen, and the highest financial intellects in the land have profited by his suggestions.

"Still in the prime of manhood, Mr. Clews stands upon an eminence to which few others have been able to climb. Behind and around him lie, beautifully ordered, the evidences of untiring exertions, that have sustained and extended the welfare of the country, and filled his own coffers with well-earned rewards.

"The future brightens at his feet, full of noble opportunities. Who can doubt that the after-career of so gifted and valued a citizen will reflect still firmer honor upon the name of the American merchant, and the estimate in which the world shall hold the characteristic type of the American gentleman."

THE COMING MAN.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE great majority of the Chinese that come to San Francisco are of those whom the Commissioners of Emigration designate as unskilled laborers. Some of them may have trades

or occupations in China that they cannot turn to practical use here; but the most of them have never practiced any special branch of the mechanic arts, and like Micawber, were on the lookout for something to turn up. They will become farmers, sailors, miners, stovedores, railway builders, or anything else where they are supplied with food, and promptly paid. For they are not unlike their paler-faced competitors in demanding their wages when due; and it is not an easy matter to cheat them. Not only does each laboring Chinese see to it that his employer is a good man and true, but the six companies have an interest in keeping a watchful eye for the welfare of those who are dependent upon them for support in case of adversity; while some of the laborers attend to hiring out on their own account, others are hired out by the company, and the agent who furnishes them draws the pay for their services.

If you are in want of a Chinese servant in



THE COMING MAN.—SCENE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO.—INTERIOR VIEW OF A CHINESE SILVERSMITH'S SHOP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

San Francisco, you can go to an intelligence office and engage him. So you can do if you want two men, or five, or even a dozen. But if you want fifty, a hundred, or any large number, you can go to the office of one of the six companies and leave your order, just as you would go to a first-class stable and order a dozen or more carriages. The men come in charge of an overseer, a Chinese who understands English, and after you have explained the situation to him so that he comprehends it, you have no occasion to trouble yourself about the details. Chinese laborers are slow, but they do their work honestly and well. Of course there are exceptions, but I am speaking now of the general rule.

If you engage a house-servant who does not speak English, the keeper of the intelligence office sends an interpreter to stay with him a few hours or a day. He is shown everything that he is expected to do, and when the work is once finished, he will go through it a thousand times without making a mistake. If you happen to do something wrong while showing him, he will follow your bad example. A lady told me, in San Francisco, that while showing a new servant how to do his work, she accidentally knocked a vase from the mantel. The next day he went through his duties, and punctuated them at the proper moment by smashing the next vase in the row. As a house-servant, John has his defects; but, taken for all in all, he is quite up to the average of white cooks and chambermaids, and some housekeepers say he is better. He will sweep, make beds, wash dishes and clothes, set the table and wait upon it, and, in fact, will make himself a regular maid-of-all-work. He is a capital baby-tender, as he abounds in patience and feels the weight of his responsibility.

Though the most of the migrating Chinese that come here are unskilled laborers, there are plenty of tradesmen of all kinds to be found in San Francisco. The city abounds in Chinese tailors, cordwainers, druggists, butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers, and so on through all the list of occupations that go to make up a community. A Chinese who arrives in San Francisco has no difficulty in finding shops where whatever he wore or used in his native land is either made or sold. Artisans bring their trades and tools with them, and perform their work just as they were accustomed to perform it at home. They pay little attention to the American custom, but adhere rigidly to the habits of their ancestors.

Many Chinese in San Francisco take in washing, and I never heard of their failing to give entire satisfaction. When I first went to San Francisco, my linen returned from the wash whiter and neater than I had usually seen it in New York; on learning that it was washed and ironed by a Chinese, I determined that he should have my patronage as long as I remained in the city. John washes linen by hand; he polishes it with a hollow iron containing burning charcoal, though sometimes he uses a solid iron, like that employed by American tailors. He sprinkles the material, not with the hand, but by filling his mouth with water, and then spitting it out in fine spray. He is very skillful in blowing a watery cloud, and his sprinkling is done more evenly than by the American process.

Chinese silversmiths have but few tools, though they contrive to turn out some creditable specimens of their workmanship. A hammer and anvil, a common blow-pipe with a charcoal fire, some files, and polishing wheels, are about all that they use. Put a Chinese silversmith in an American establishment, with its complex machinery, and he would not know what to do, though he would not hesitate to try his hand, if told he must go to work. The number of Chinese engaged in this business in San Francisco is not large, but they do a very good business, for the reason that many things from their hands are purchased by Americans as curiosities.

A CASE OF INSANITY.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," "UNDERCURRENTS," "WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?" ETC., ETC.

My friend, Dr. L., is in the habit of frequently looking in on me late in the evening, especially when he happens to be called out on some unusual occasion, or unexpectedly by a serious change in the condition of one of his patients. If medical men should carry about with them the woes they daily encounter, they (the medical men) would all be in their graves, and their patients—well, no matter.

I was remarking that Dr. L. often drops in late of an evening to see me, and especially after some professional visit which has more than ordinarily taxed his energies. He takes the freedom of a long friendship—assured, as he is, of a hearty welcome—to pull at my bell any time before midnight—indeed, after that—should he see a light in my library. Once inside, it is not safe to answer for the duration of the sitting. Nothing, be it understood, serves on these occasions for a stimulant, beyond the choice light wines of Bordeaux, which "cheer, but not inebriate." We talk over all sorts of things—our college life; perhaps our hospital life, for we "walked" Guy's, the Salpêtrière, and the Hôtel Dieu together; our early professional life; every-day topics, and so on.

Rarely does the doctor allude to the passing events in his practice; seldom do I refer to a law case. Occasionally this habit is departed from. I am about to give an instance on the part of my friend.

It was a cold, clear night, early in January. The winter had been exceedingly gay. In fact, the fashionable world had outdone itself; and, despite my best endeavors to prevent it, had made serious inroads on my time. It was later with me than usual—at least half-past twelve. I was enjoying the cheerful warmth of a soft-

coal fire, while indolently looking through a pile of foreign magazines which the steamer had that day brought in.

Suddenly came a ring at the door. I knew it at once.

"Good!" I said to myself. "There is L.—; it is just what I want." I told him the same thing a moment later, as I let him in. He entered, his beard and mustache covered with frost, and after throwing off his heavy coat, went with me to my library.

I thought the doctor appeared particularly preoccupied. In vain did I stir the slumbering coals. In vain uncork a bottle of my best Lafitte.

"It is of no use," said L.—. "I have been called to a very extraordinary case, and I must give you an account of it before I can get back to a normal condition. I can't call names, of course, but I may tell the story."

So saying, he helped himself to a glass of the claret, and placing the bottle in a convenient position for future use, he began.

"You know I receive patients every morning. They take their turn in the order of arrival. To-day, as I had finished with the last comer—and it was considerably past the regular hour—was entering in my book the charges for the morning's work—the attendant ushered a lady into the room.

"The first thing which struck me in regard to her was that a thick veil of brown barege was pinned tightly over her face, making it utterly impossible for me to distinguish a single feature, or, in fact, anything under it. Her finely rounded figure and elastic step permitted no doubt, however, of her being a young woman.

"I asked her to be seated, and as I had no opportunity of perusing her countenance, I took special observation of what remained to look at, namely, her dress. This was in the extreme of the mode, not only of the season, but, I should say, of the very last Parisian style by Atlantic cable. It was perfectly evident her whole soul was devoted to her toilet. This was my judgment as I scrutinized her externals, in order to arrive at some idea about her, for she sat motionless, without speaking a word.

"She was of medium size—a neat, trim, plump figure. She wore a walking-dress of chestnut-colored velvet, just long enough to afford an occasional glimpse of an exquisite French boot of moire-antique, the color of the dress. A hat, of jaunty grace, was dignified by flowing black plumes, which rested upon the soft, light curls of the chignon—unquestionably a recent importation, as I never saw one like it. A collar of point-lace, finished with a rose-colored bow, was around the neck. Brown kid-gloves, of the newest style, fitted exquisitely over hand and wrist, while one hand toyed prettily with a small muff of costly sable.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, in the usual tone of professional kindness.

"The young woman appeared to hesitate. I could not positively tell, but I thought some display of emotion was going on under the thick barege veil. Still, she did not speak.

"You need not fear to tell me anything which you desire to communicate," I remarked, encouragingly.

"She turned the thick barege veil toward the door. I thought I understood her.

"You need fear no interruption," I said.

"Are you quite certain?" came in a low voice from underneath the veil. "Miss Plimpton, I know, is under your care, and I would not meet her here for the world."

"You need not have the slightest apprehension," I said, in a decided tone.

"With that the young lady raised one of her pretty little hands to the back of her head, and carefully withdrew a pin which penetrated the chignon. Next both hands were delicately elevated to grasp the veil, which was raised from the hat with great care, and deposited in the handsome sable muff. The effect was to display the beautiful face of one of our fashionable blondes—she did not appear more than twenty—whose countenance was familiar to me, but whom I could not for the moment precisely locate.

"Now you know who it is, doctor," she said, slightly blushing. "Are you not amazed to see me here?"

"Why should I be?" I asked, pleasantly.

"Oh! you are amazed, I know you are, but you are too kind to show it," cried the blonde, who had ceased to blush, and now turned a little archly toward me, thus exhibiting a pair of large solitary diamond ear-drops, which the barege veil had completely hidden.

"Really, I am not. You know medical men are never surprised. Let me know frankly what I can do for you."

"I spoke with some decision, for my time was valuable, and I was getting tired of so much by-play.

"But, then, you know we are not your regular patients, doctor," she said. "If it was cousin Charlotte it would be different, because you attend Uncle R.—'s family."

"The last remark told me who she was—until lately a Miss P.—, the only child of an immensely rich man, and, within three months, married to Philip H.—, whom I knew, a promising young merchant, with a handsome property, and very highly esteemed by his friends. We medical men are subject to many a singular visit, and that of this young woman did not in the least disturb my equanimity, though she, doubtless, supposed it might.

"You may speak just as freely as if I had always attended you. I am well acquainted with your family, and you need have no diffidence in giving me your confidence."

"It occurred to me—ahem," continued L.—, "that the young woman, having just married and set up an establishment, might desire to consult a physician, and preferred me to Lane, who is their family doctor."

"You are so kind, doctor," she replied, while her eyes filled with tears; "so very kind.

I do indeed wish to consult you—to confide in you."

"I drew my chair a little nearer to her, and, in my most paternal manner, asked her what were her symptoms.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, blushing, this time, very red indeed, "it is not me at all. Oh, no; it is my husband."

"Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it. What is the matter with him?"

"What I tell you is strictly confidential, is it not?" she asked, in a soft, winning way.

"Absolutely so," was my reply.

"Oh, how can I disclose it?" she exclaimed; "yet I must, dear Doctor L.—. Would you believe it, my husband is out of his mind?"

"God forbid!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Is it possible?"

"Alas! it is too true, and I have come to you because I could not bear to go to our own physician, who knew us so well, and congratulated me so joyfully on my wedding-day. Oh, dear me (she began to cry); and then I knew you were a particular friend of Uncle R.—, so I made bold to come to you."

"You did quite right, my child," I answered. "Go on with your story. Give me all the particulars."

"I hardly know how to commence," she said. "Philip has loved me ever so long. We were engaged a whole year—only think of it!—she opened her handsome eyes very wide as she spoke—and there was nothing he would not do for me—nothing. We were so happy, doctor; you don't know how happy we were—indeed you don't."

"Well!"

"Well, we were married early in October, and took a charming, charming tour, everything perfectly enchanting, Philip all I could expect or wish or hope for. We came home to our beautiful house; you know where it is—No. — Fifth avenue. Philip had purchased the house, and my father had furnished it for me in a perfectly lovely manner. You will see, doctor, when you come. Yes, we came home, and then began my troubles. In less than a week I discovered that there was something wrong about him."

"Is it possible?"

"Oh, yes. He was a changed man—utterly changed!"

"Can you give me the symptoms? I mean, how did he act differently from his ordinary conduct?"

"It is not easy to explain; yet if you could only see him, doctor!"

"I quite understand that. Still you must try to give me some account of his actions. Was he no longer affectionate?"

"On the contrary, that is one of the things I wished particularly to tell you about, but felt positively ashamed to do it. Affectionate? Why, he acts ridiculously! You would never believe a sensible man could conduct himself in such a manner—before people too!"

"Does he neglect his business?"

"Indeed he does. I heard Mr. Jones, the junior partner, say to him, only yesterday, he would be obliged to apply for a dissolution."

"On what ground?"

"What I have been telling you. Just think of it! A young man with his expectations to have such a thing happen to him. But that is not the worst."

"No?"

"No, indeed. He insists on staying home, and moping almost every evening—in the very height of the season too, with ever so many parties given for us expressly. He talks in the strangest manner, which frightens me so."

"She burst into tears again.

"I confess I was seriously alarmed. Her very incoherence helped to make matters worse, for I could really gain no definite idea from what she told me. I asked her several other questions, but the answers were confused, and all resolved themselves into the fact that her husband 'acted strangely—so strangely, that she was sure he was out of his head—sure of it.'"

"It was, of course, impossible for me to form any judgment, or express any opinion, without seeing the unfortunate young man. So I told his wife. She seemed to comprehend this; but the question arose, how I was to come in contact with him without exciting suspicion, for mild lunacy is remarkably cunning in its manifestations, and he would surely divine the object of my visit if made without obvious reasons."

"We discussed the matter carefully, and it was finally decided that Mrs. P.— should send for me that very day, on the score of personal indisposition, and I would look in during the evening."

"But what shall I say to you when you do call, doctor?" she asked, very prettily.

"Oh! you will see me quite alone, you know; but, first, I will have an opportunity to chat with your husband."

"Capital! Excellent!" she exclaimed.

"We arranged the details, and she then produced from the sable muff the thick barege veil, and going through a careful process of pinning it tight across her face again, she seized my hand, and in a most grateful manner expressed her thanks."

"You will not forget to send for me, of course?" I said.

"Do not fear it," was the reply, and away she went.

"My carriage had been waiting a long time. I hastened to make my visits, but I could not throw off the impression of that morning's visit."

"Poor Philip H.—! I knew his father—a noble man. I had formerly, during the lifetime of the father, seen a good deal of the young fellow. He was the last one, as I thought, to lose his wits. How melancholy!"

"On my return, I found a delicious rose-scented epistle—monogram exquisite—awaiting me. It spoke of a slight indisposition, and asked if I could conveniently call in the evening."

"I went. I had prepared myself for some thing distressing, but not for the manifestation which awaited me."

"The servant who answered my ring showed me into the back parlor, where H.— appeared to be waiting to receive me. He was very cordial in his manner, and expressed himself much pleased that his wife should, without any influence on his part, have decided on a friend of his father for their family physician. Gertrude, he said, was a good deal flushed, and he feared she had considerable fever. She will be down in a few moments, and I am glad to say a word to you before she comes in."

"Of course I was all attention."

"Doctor," said H.—, "I think you can be of great service to Gertrude and to me."

"How is that?"

"In this way. We are but lately married, as you know. I have an earnest desire for domestic happiness. Gertrude is all I could wish, but she is infatuated with the mere gayeties of fashionable life. I wish to appeal to her, yet it will become a bridegroom to take such a step, yet now is the time to take it."

"What have you done?" I asked, a sudden light breaking in on me.

"But little. I yielded absolutely for two or three weeks after our return, and was out every night to a succession of receptions, parties, and so forth. At length I suggested to Gertrude that we should limit ourselves to two parties a week, whereupon the poor child commenced crying immoderately. What could I do or say? I actually neglect my business to come home early in the afternoon to be with her, but it seems to make no difference. She sobs and cries, if I ask her to spend an evening at home with me, instead of going to a party. I am delighted, doctor, that she sends for you. Your advice, every way, will be beneficial."

"The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the handsome young wife."

"She entered with such a languid air, that, for the moment, I forgot the whole affair had been previously arranged by us. She was arrayed in a charming negligé. On her fingers sparkled many beautiful gems, which I could not fail to see, as she presented her left hand to me with careless grace."

"The husband decorously rose to leave the room. He cast a quiet glance on me, and the door closed."

"Well, did you talk with him?" she exclaimed, eagerly, all traces of languor vanishing as she spoke."

"Yes."

"You find it just as I told you—do you not?"

"My dear Mrs. H.—, I said, 'your husband is perfectly sane. The simple difficulty is he does not enjoy parties as much as you do, and you must try to harmonize with each other.'"

"I spoke kindly—affectionately—I may say, paternally. It was received very ungraciously by the young woman. She bridled and pouted, exclaiming, 'I thought you would be my friend, doctor; but you are like all the rest. I tell you he is crazy!'"

"For her husband's sake, I bore with her. I became, I confess, to an extent hypocritical. I petted and soothed her. I promised—heaven help me—to do my best to reclaim (!) her husband."

"Will you make him go with me, doctor, to-morrow night to Mrs. Ascott's?" she demanded, earnestly; "he declares he won't."

"He shall go," was my reply. "I will answer for it."

"The handsome blonde seized my hand and pressed it gratefully."

"Thanks, thanks much," she exclaimed.

"You are my friend after all."

"I came away sad enough. I don't know what to do. The husband is in love with her, truly and devotedly, and she—she is in love with that handsome brown velvet dress and its appendages—bah!"

"The doctor rose as he spoke, and, after emptying the last glass of claret from the bottle, he drank it in silence and departed."

THE FRIGHTFUL CALAMITY AT RICHMOND, VA.

A most frightful and appalling catastrophe occurred on Wednesday, April 27th, in the Capitol building at Richmond, Va., by which upward of sixty persons were killed, and one hundred and twenty-five wounded. At the time of the accident, it is estimated that there were about three hundred persons in the courtroom, drawn thither by the announcement that the decision in the case of the two claimants for the majority would there be made.

A large number of the legal fraternity and members of the press were seated in the room, immediately in front of the bench and the gallery. The opposite end was filled with leading citizens, and the centre of the small room was thronged by a crowd, both seated and standing. There was a general conversation or discussion as to the merits of the case going on among the assembled audience; the members of the press were arranging their paper, and cracking jokes, as is usual among them; and all were eagerly awaiting the advent of the judges.

Scarcely had their Honors taken their seats, when a report, as of a smothered cannon under the floor, was heard, followed by a second, and a rumbling, crackling sound. The dense crowd immediately became excited, and those who were seated jumped to their feet, as if warned of an approaching danger. No time was afforded for efforts at escape, for in an instant the floor gave way with a terrific crash, bearing with it its panic-stricken occupants, and dragging down into the debris the galleries and their crowd of spectators. The fall was a distance of twenty-five feet, and the mass of human beings, together with timbers, decorations, articles of furniture, etc., lodged in the Hall of Delegates. In another instant, the ceiling above, becoming detached by the fall of the

gallery, fell with a crash, smothering and crushing the struggling mass of victims beneath.

It was a scene of horror never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. To those who remained about, and who ventured to look down into the vacant space of the court-room, nothing was visible but a cloud of thick dust, through which the frantic cries of the victims yet alive could be heard vainly appealing for help.

Intelligence of the terrible calamity spread like electricity, and before many minutes had elapsed all the bells in the city were ringing a summons for assistance. The Fire Department was at the scene with commendable promptness, and the members of the hook and ladder companies went to work with the earnestness demanded by the occasion.

The doors and windows of the hall were thrown open, and within were soon collected the busy workers, who, amid their own shouts and the agonizing groans of those they were seeking to rescue, were removing the timbers.

Hooks and ladders were at once brought into active requisition, and the work of extricating the dead, the mangled, the wounded and the dying was commenced.

Ladders were placed against the sills of the windows, down which the victims were gently borne by the indefatigable firemen and the citizens in general.

As the wounded and dead were reached, they were placed in the Senate Chamber, or else under the trees in the square, where they were attended by the city physicians and others who were on hand with such appliances as could be obtained. As the men were brought out, they were so covered with dust that they could scarcely be recognized, and for a while, the anxious ones suffered the inexpressible agony of suspense.

Hacks, ambulances, and vehicles of all descriptions were promptly on the ground ready to convey the wounded away from the scene of the disaster to their homes, where they could be cared for, and their wounds dressed to better advantage than in the dense crowd with which they were surrounded. The dead who had been brought out were reverently and decently laid aside and covered with blankets, and afterward borne away to their bereaved families. Policemen were stationed on the steps of the building to prevent the crowd from rushing in, and thereby hindering those who were administering to the relief of the sufferers; and, at a late hour, the gates of the square were guarded by the police, who kept out the crowd of persons who seemed bent on viewing the scene of the disaster.

The most terrible feature about this whole affair is the heart-rending manner of death in the majority of instances. Many of the dead were found to be without serious bodily injury, but had evidently died from suffocation. The faces of all the dead were fearfully swollen and blackened, and about the mouth and lips was a sort of coagulated froth, tinged with blood, which was hardened with dust.

His Excellency Governor Walker, whose office joins the Court-room where the calamity occurred, had a narrow escape. By his untiring exertion during the day he was instrumental in relieving the wounded, and having the dead bodies removed much sooner than otherwise would have been the case. With great promptitude, the Governor commanded the Capitol building to be closed, and prevented the crowd rushing upon destruction, when it was certain their presence could only embarrass the proceedings. Some of the mob disputed the way, but the Governor stood upon the steps, and, single-handed, barred the way, keeping them back until assistance arrived. During the day he was constantly on the scene, giving directions, and by his presence stimulating those who were working to further exertions in releasing the suffering and dead.

The Capitol building was one of the most conspicuous in the city of Richmond, occupying a lofty eminence on the brow of Shockoe Hill, and was about the first object which met the eye on every avenue of approach. It was constructed in the year 1800, under the direction of Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, and was modeled after the Parthenon, in Athens. It was about 225 feet in length, 100 feet broad, and some 60 from the ground to the eaves of the roofing. This room is the same occupied by the Confederate Senate during the rebellion of the Southern States.

SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE KILLED.

P. H. AYLETT, JR., Esq., was one of the most eminent lawyers of the Richmond Bar. He was appointed United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and served during the four years of Mr. Buchanan's administration. During the war he was appointed Assistant Attorney-General for the Confederate States by Jefferson Davis, a position which he filled up to the surrender of General Lee. Since the war he has edited with marked ability the *Richmond Times*, and subsequently the *Enquirer*. He was a great grandson of Patrick Henry, whose name he bore, and much of whose rare eloquence he seemed to have inherited. In person he was tall and commanding, and in manner genial and affable. He was about forty-seven years of age, and leaves a family.

Dr. R. BROCK, reporter of the *Enquirer* and *Examiner*, was a regularly educated physician, but for the last three or four years had devoted his entire time to journalism. He was a graduate of the University of Virginia, and much esteemed and respected. His age was about forty years. He leaves a widow and several children.

Capt. WM. H. CHARTERS, Chief of the Richmond Fire Department, was a native of Richmond, and very popular. With the exception of a brief interregnum, he had filled the position of Chief in the Fire Department for ten years past.

NATHANIEL P. HOWARD, Esq., was a lawyer of high standing at the Richmond Bar. His practice was confined solely to Chancery cases, and for many years he had filled the position of assistant-reporter to the Court of Appeals.

ASH LEVY was a prominent dry goods merchant. He was about sixty years of age, and leaves a large family.

LEWIS N. WEBS was a prominent and influential wholesale grocer and commission merchant. He was about thirty years of age.

EDWARD M. SCHOFIELD was a native of St. Louis, but in 1867 was appointed City Assessor by his brother, Major-General Schofield. He was a United States Army officer during the war.

R. H. MAURY was a native of Richmond, a lawyer and son of the well-known broker and banker of the same name.

J. W. D. BLAND (colored) was a member of the Virginia Senate, now in session at Richmond, and represented the Senatorial District composed of the counties of Nottoway and Amelia. He was a man of much good, strong common sense, and created a decided impression upon the Congressional Reconstruction Committee, by his clear, forcible, and well-expressed views when the admission of Virginia was under consideration. He was about twenty-nine years of age, and of a fine and manly appearance.

POWHATAN ROBERTS was Commissioner in Chancery of the Court of Common Pleas of Richmond, a position which he had held for many years. He was about forty-five and unmarried.

Mr. S. HARDEN HAINSTON was a wealthy tobacco planter of Henry County, Va. He was a brother of Mr. P. W. Hainston, a member of the firm of Herbert & Hainston, commission merchants and dealers in fertilizers, of Baltimore.

JULIUS A. HOBSON had been Collector of Taxes for the City of Richmond for nearly a quarter of a century, and was widely known and esteemed.

Col. PICHORU WOOLFOLK was one of the most prominent citizens of Virginia, and took an active part in politics and legislation previous to the war. Gen. THOMAS H. WILCOX was a Major-General in the Confederate Army, and served during the war in Longstreet's division. Gen. Wilcox was a native of Alabama, about forty-four years of age, a skillful soldier, and a man of great bravery and daring.

S. DAGGER was a Republican member of the House of Delegates from Brunswick County.

WM. H. DAVIS was a printer in early life, and for many years published the *Richmond Compiler* in connection with James A. Cowardin, Esq., one of the present proprietors of the *Daily Dispatch*. He was sixty years of age, and leaves a large family.

All places of business were closed, and expressions of condolence and offers of assistance came pouring in from all parts of the country. The funerals, of which there were several each day, were attended by vast crowds, the prominence and associations of the killed, no less than the tragic manner of their death, calling forth demonstrations of general sorrow.

Hearses could not be obtained for all of them, and furniture-wagons, appropriately draped, had to be used. While the funeral of Patrick Henry Aylett was going on, five processions passed the church. The funerals of John M. Turner, page in the House of Delegates, and Powhatan Roberts, took place from the Monumental Church at the same time. The General Assembly attended the funeral of young Turner in a body. The pages of the Houses acted as pall-bearers, and the scene was very affecting. There were none present who were not in tears. Young Turner was a bright, handsome boy, about thirteen years old, and universally beloved.

On the following day, a large meeting of leading citizens took place in the Capitol Square, at which appropriate resolutions were passed. By common consent, Wednesday, May 4th, was set apart as a day for prayer and religious services, in view of the shocking calamity.

A PRE-HISTORICAL POMPEII.

UNDER this title the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has published an article by M. F. Fouque, on some underground villages discovered on the small island of Therasia, adjoining Santorin, of volcanic notoriety, in the Greek Archipelago:

"The writer affirms that we have here a distinct proof, not only that the human race may be traced to the quaternary period, but that even then it had made some advance in civilization. It appears these primitive villages were destroyed by the same volcanic agency as Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabii. The houses were built in the open air, on the old soil, and were afterward buried under a stratum of pumice-stones and tufa, ejected from a crater. The inhabitants were taken by surprise, the interiors being filled, not with any kind of mortar or cement, but with reddish volcanic ashes, having no cohesion whatever. The only house hitherto wholly unharmed, is composed of six rooms, the largest of which is eighteen feet by five, and the smallest about eight feet square. One of the main walls of the building incloses a court. Three windows and one door have been recognized—a circumstance which shows that this was a dwelling-house and not a tomb. The ceiling was composed of a series of wooden cross-beams, on which stones and a thick layer of volcanic earth were spread. Among the objects found inside there was the skeleton of a man, beside flint instruments, earthen vases manufactured on a turning wheel, and containing various seeds, such as barley, peas, cardamom, etc. Most of the vases are of the capacity of twenty gallons and more. Two slabs of lava were used for grinding corn, but the most curious relics were certain stone disks, with a hole through the middle, which are still used in the country by weavers to stretch the threads of the warp with; whence it may be inferred that the textile art existed many thousand years ago, and must have been nearly coeval with the creation of man.

FULTON'S FIRST STEAM VOYAGE.

THE following reminiscence of Fulton's first steam voyage, and the reception of the passage-money, was recently communicated to the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, by R. W. Haskins: Some years since, I formed a traveling acquaintance, upon a steamboat on the Hudson River, with a gentleman, who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton, to Albany, in his steamboat, the *Clermont*, which I never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's name I have now lost, but I urged him, at the time, to publish what he related; which, however, so far as I knew, he had never done. "I chanced," said my narrator, "to be at Albany on business, when Fulton arrived there in his unheard-of craft, which everybody felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and there found a plain, gentlemanly man wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume?"
"Yes, sir."
"Do you return to New York with this boat?"
"We shall try to get back, sir."
"Can I have a passage down?"
"You can take your chance with us, sir." I inquired the amount to be paid; and, after a moment's hesitation, a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount, in coin, I laid in his open hand; and,

with an eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him, 'Is that right sir?'

"This roused him, as from a kind of reverie; and, as he looked up at me, a tear was trembling in his eye and his voice faltered, as he said, 'Excuse me, sir, but memory was busy, as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor, even for that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so.'

"Some four years after this, when the *Clermont* had been greatly improved, and two new boats made—making Fulton's fleet three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany—I took passage in one of these, for the latter city. The cabin in that day was below; and as I walked its length to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but, without disclosing this, I continued my walk, and waited the result. At length, in passing his seat, our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, 'I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me; and although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that bottle now.'

"It was ordered; and during its discussion Mr. Fulton ran rapidly but vividly over his experience of the world's coldness and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties, that were scattered through the whole career of discovery, up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had at last arrived.

"And in reviewing all these," said he, 'I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview, at Albany; and never have I done so without its renewing in my mind the vivid emotion it originally caused. That seemed, and still does seem, to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness to my fellow men.'

Such, then, were the events coupled with the very dawn of steam navigation—a dawn so recent as to be still recollected by many—and such as Fulton here related them, were the early appreciations, by the world, of a discovery which has invaded all waters, causing a revolution in navigation, which has almost literally brought the very ends of the earth into contact.

A FRENCH ROMANCE.

ONE of these little romances of which the French are so fond, has lately taken place in Paris, and is thus described:

M. Robert, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished gentleman, well known, not only for his valuable collection of paintings and medieval relics, but for his skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a Mr. R., whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive manufactories of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaintance.

Entering the counting-room he found a good-natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him thus:

"I suppose you have seen my advertisement, and have come to apply for that situation as a designer?" For a joke, M. Robert replied that he had. Mr. R. supplied him with paints and brushes and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found out that what Mr. R. really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. He soon produced a sketch which suited his employer to a dot.

M. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the work-rooms, and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, busily employed, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist began to feel as if he should need to be carried out himself.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of attraction." Being an accomplished artist, he pleased his employer, and was delighted in seeing his designs in steel, silver, enamel or wood. He took pleasure, hitherto unknown, in seeing his work in the shop windows in the boulevards of his friends. This workshop-life was carefully concealed, nor did his employer suspect who he was. But he soon found a more fascinating object in the daughter of Mr. R., who took part in the duties of the manufactory. She was remarkable in her accomplishments and beauty, and M. Robert soon found that, as regarded taste and culture in all matters which especially interested him, he had never met with one like her. Step by step the pair fell in love, and he so ingratiated himself with the father that, after due deliberation, he consented to their union.

Previous to their marriage the old gentleman spoke of a dowry. "I shall give Marie 50,000," said he with a little air of boasting. "Ah, mon garçon!" "And I suppose," added M. Robert, gravely, "that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added:

"And I will settle the piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their astonishment when he drew forth the title deeds and said:

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord. Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy. There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up the business. He declares there is more amusement in being useful than in amusing one's self.

WHAT AN INVALID ACCOMPLISHED.—The *London Times*, in noticing the death of Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, one of the partners in the great mercantile house of that name, says: "He was the third son of the late Baron Nathan Meyer Rothschild (whose death occurred in 1856), by Hannah, daughter of the late Mr. Levi B. Cohen, and was born in 1812, and grandson of the original Rothschild, Meyer Amichel. From early life Nathaniel took an active part in those great monetary transactions with which the house of Rothschild has so long been identified, but from upward of eighteen years he had suffered from an affection of the spine, which after inflicting upon him prolonged tortures, had produced almost complete paralysis, and culminated in the loss of the sight. In this deplorable condition, however, the late baron maintained a cheerfulness which surprised all who had access to him, and in no respect abated his active interest in affairs. A French and an English secretary read to him all the journals and periodical literature of the day; his memory was singularly retentive, and his judgment, especially in matters of politics and finance, seemed to become more acute from his deprivation. He was frequently consulted on such subjects by men of all parties, and had become, moreover, a kind of social arbiter, whose opinion was sought on difficult questions. In spite of his long residence in Paris he was an enthusiastic Englishman, devoted to English literature and the study of English politics. His magnificent house in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré was a constant resort of the political and literary celebrities of France and Germany. His loss will be much felt in the society of Paris.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

CHARLES READE is handsome, but, although past the meridian of life, is still a bachelor.

VICTORIA has been unsuccessfully negotiating to marry one of her daughters to a Prince of Orange.

It is reported that Patti's collection of jewelry is far more extensive than that of the Empress Eugenie.

BOSTON is raising a fund for the support and education of the orphan children of Captain Williams, of the Ononda.

THE Emperor Napoleon refused to see Prince Pierre Bonaparte after he had returned from Tours to Paris.

DR. CHARLES MENDELSSOHN is collecting materials for an exhaustive biography of his father, the great composer.

PRINCE HENRY OF BOURBON, who was recently killed in a duel with Montpensier, was a Mason of the 3rd degree.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT's physicians protest against his return to the Board of Trade, on account of his feeble health.

THE Prince of Wales and the Crown-Prince of Prussia, although brothers-in-law, have not been on speaking terms for several years.

AMERICAN Sabbath school hymns, translated into Spanish, are now heard both in the Sunday schools and in the streets of Madrid.

MR. MORRISON, of Dayton, Ohio, is without doubt the largest mayor in the world. He weighs over 400 pounds, and is remarkably active.

JAMES FAY, the eminent Swiss statesman, though in his seventy-eighth year, proposes to establish a great financial association in Paris.

A LADIES' memorial, drawn up by the wife of Admiral Dahlgren, is to be presented to Congress by the "Anti-Sixteenth Amendment Society."

THE Czar has bestowed the diamond cross of St. Andrew upon General Kotzebue, on the fifth anniversary of his entrance into active service.

THE will of Miss Mary P. Loxley, late of West Philadelphia, which disposes of property valued at between \$700,000 and \$800,000, is to be contested.

THE title of Mr. D'Israeli's new novel is "Lothair." It is said the owners of one periodical offered \$50,000 for the right to publish it in their magazine.

MRS. JOHN WOOD has become so worn down with her double duty as manager and actress in London, that her physicians have sentenced her to temporary retirement.

THE Princess Achille Murat goes with her husband to Algeria to take part in the campaigns of Kabylia, and produce a martial flutter among the bellicose Arab beaux.

BARON SALOMON ROTHSCHILD, a mere lad, has been appointed Italian Consul-General at Vienna, as an inducement to the Rothschilds to invest more largely in Italian stock.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, has been appointed preacher to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company at its two hundred and thirty-second anniversary in June next.

It has been decided that the tablet erected by Dr. Booth, an American citizen, to the memory of Kirkc White, the poet, which was formerly placed in All Saint's Church, Cambridge, shall be re-erected in St. John's Chapel.

THE London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have granted a sum of \$5,000 toward the endowment of a bishop in the Falkland Islands, to be paid when \$45,000 more shall have been contributed for the purpose.

THE original commission of General Francis Marion is on exhibition in Charleston, S. C. It bears date April 12, 1782, and commissions him as lieutenant-colonel in the United States service, to take rank from September 16, 1776.

THE London "Lancet" says: "The ex-Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, is in a most melancholy condition. She has attained the last stage of a terrible disease, which has made a wreck of her mental and physical faculties."

SIR FRANCIS CROSSLLEY, of London, has added to his other recent gifts the sum of \$50,000, as the basis of a fund for the widows of Congregational ministers. This makes about \$250,000 given by Sir Francis within a few weeks for religious and benevolent purposes.

THE wife and charming daughter of J. C. Thorpe, of Madison, late of the Wisconsin Senate, are going on a European tour, to wind up with a prolonged visit to Ole Bull, at his seat in Norway. Miss Thorpe is the young lady with whom rumor recently associated Mr. Bull in a matrimonial way.

REV. DR. JOHN G. BROWN, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has arranged in his church a gallery for the deaf mute scholars of that city. Miss Woodside, a volunteer interpreter, stands with her back to the preacher and her face to the little congregation of mutes, and duly translates the sermons into sign language.

A WEALTHY Russian nobleman whose name has not been allowed to transpire, was detected in forcing his way to the private apartments of the King of Prussia, in the royal palace at Berlin. The matter has been hushed up, and he was surrendered to the Russian authorities, and expelled from Prussian territory.

ON Maundy Thursday, the usual Queen's charities were distributed in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. The Bishop of Oxford, her majesty's Lord High Almoner, officiated, assisted by the Sub-Almoner, the contributions being made to fifty-one aged men, and fifty-one aged women, the number of each sex corresponding with the age of the queen.

NAPOLEON III. once decreed that all families so fortunate as to have a birth occur on March 16th, 1856 (the Prince Imperial's birthday), should be compensated by an annual gift of \$20. It is found that in all France 3,000 persons were born on that day, too many even for imperial charity, and the pension has been limited to those in needy circumstances.

THE French Minister to the United States has delivered to the Secretary of State, three magnificent gold watches, presented by the French Government to Surgeon George E. Cooper, U. S. A.; Dr. Gait, a private physician, of Norfolk, Va.; and the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, a Catholic priest at that place, for their devoted attention to some of his Majesty's sailors sick with yellow fever at Norfolk last July.

ON the southwest corner of the ordnance foundry at the Washington Navy Yard, can be seen a square slab of iron let into the brick wall of the building. On this appears this inscription:

Within this wall
Is deposited the leg
Of Colonel Ulysses S. Grant,
Wounded July 3, 1863,
While skirmishing in the
Streets of Hagerstown
With the rebels
After the Battle of Gettysburg.

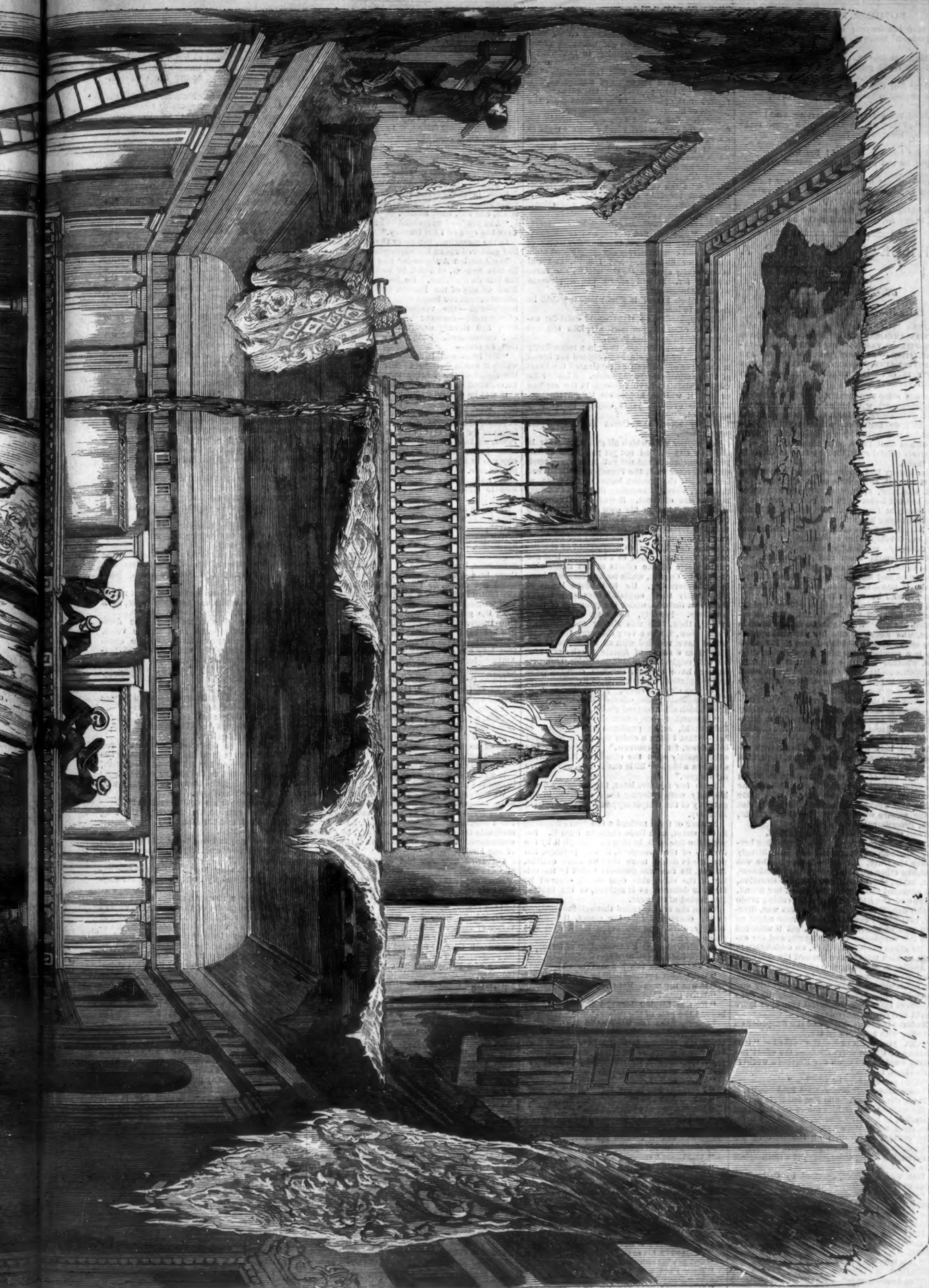


VIRGINIA.—THE RICHMOND CALAMITY.—CITIZENS AND FIREMEN REMOVING THE WOUNDED, THE DYING AND THE DEAD, FROM THE RUINS.—SKETCH TAKEN FROM THE WEST SIDE OF THE HALL OF DELEGATES, BY WM. L. SHEPARD, OF RICHMOND.—SEE PAGE 134.

[36 May 14, 1870.]

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

[May 14, 1870 137



NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves; no fruit, no grain,
Ungarned sheaves, and an empty wain.

Nothing but leaves, and husks, and tares—
Oh! the spirit grieves for its many cares.

Nothing but this—if you dreamed of more,
That dream of bliss, sad heart, is o'er.

Nothing but leaves for a starving soul!
Unbound are my sheaves—who shall make
them whole?

Nothing but this—O soul! but wait,
If you do not miss heaven's golden gate,

Something not leaves, nor husks, nor tares,
Fond hope believes will dispel thy cares—

Something too fair for pen to paint;
Ah, then—ah, there you'll make no complaint.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART II.—THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

CHAPTER VI.—FEMALE MODESTY—THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR'S RECEPTION—LOVELINESS DESPITE OF FASHION—PAST EXPERIENCE—RECOGNITION—AT THE TABLE—LESSON AND COUNTER-LESSON—WHEN THE WINE IS IN, THE WIT IS OUT—THE DYING FATHER—HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

It was some two months later that Monsieur de Chateaupers, with his lady, found themselves at St. Petersburg. Albeit, the Ambassador was the Duc de Richelieu, whose reputation for splendor and gallantry was proverbial, it must be owned that the wife of his secretary, save in purely official eyes, threw him completely in the shade.

Her history had necessarily been a matter of court scandal, at the time of her marriage.

It was now, of course, revived, and those who had not believed in the current reports of her beauty at that time, were compelled to admit that rumor had undervalued her loveliness.

"But, then, necessarily, teaching and education had developed her appearance."

"Scarcely—madam," was the reply of Catharine Dolgorouki when this observation was made to her. "I can assure you, in her sheep-skin jacket and scarlet petticoat, she was as fair as she is now—that is to say, far handsomer than you or I have ever been."

It may be concluded that the wife of Sapichy scarcely believed the last qualification, as regarded herself. What good-looking woman is there, who does not rate her personal appearance at the highest possible figure? But modesty is a specially charming female characteristic, whether for male captivation or female humiliation. Madame Czernicheff was a court rival. Catharine might in all probability be employing it for the latter purpose. Her observation had been overheard by the bystanders—she was assisting at a reception given by the Austrian Ambassador—its personal applicability to Madame Czernicheff, gave it a decided success.

As that lady turned away, Flodorowna approached the countess, leaning upon the arm of the young Hospodar of Wallachia.

It was one of the rare occasions in which this prince appeared at the Russian Court. The coronation of the Czarina was to take place within four weeks. All of the great tributaries of the empire were present, or to be present, in St. Petersburg.

When she saw Catharine, she stopped.

Truly, she was lovely. In undervaluing herself, Madame Dolgorouki had unwittingly spoken the truth. Or—who knows? She was so unlike other women in her hardy frankness, that, haply, she herself accepted the situation, and admitted the superior beauty of her friend. In spite of the stiffness of the prevailing mode of the day, Madame de Chateaupers was, literally, ravishingly charming. The robe might be hard and ungainly in its form, but it acquired from the suppleness of her figure, and the exquisite grace of its proportion, an undulation in outline which might have shamed the crayon of an Apelles in depicting one of the Muses. The powdering of the hair might be almost hideous, but it brought out the unrivalled pearly and peach-like hues of her face, while its dead whiteness made her wonderful blue eyes more limpid and swimmingly dazzling.

Madame Dolgorouki touched the Hospodar on the arm, with her jeweled fan.

"Can you believe"—she asked—"that Madame de Chateaupers doubted the effect her beauty would have upon our Northern world?"

He shook his head.

"That can scarcely be possible."

"Catharine—" commenced Flodorowna.

Then, she stopped. She was too little versed in the ways of the fashionable world to appeal gracefully to her forbearance, or skillfully to retort upon her. Moreover, under the gaze of very evident admiration on the part of her companion, which accompanied the words of her friend, a rising color—almost a flush—stole into her cheeks.

This was, however, checked by Catharine's next words.

"Can you deny—*ma mie*, that you were only brought here, like a poor little lamb bound for the slaughter, by the will of your ruthless tyrant—lover or husband—which is he?"

The young countess paled perceptibly, as she spoke almost entreatingly to Madame Dolgorouki.

"It is true—my friend, that I came here, unwillingly."

"You hear—prince"—said the wife of Sapichy, turning to him.

"And why, madame, may I ask?"—were the

next words of the young man. Then, as he saw the very evident pain in the expression of her countenance who was leaning on his arm, with the true instinct of a gentleman, he added—"pardon me for presuming to ask what I have no right to do."

It was clear enough, that the Hospodar had not been bred in the Court of a great capital. He neither fully appreciated the value of his rank, nor the pleasure to be derived from the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Slipping her gloved arm quietly within his disengaged one, as if she had a perfect right to do it, Madame Dolgorouki took possession of the, at present, unclaimed half of the prince, while Flodorowna thanked him with a graceful look for his delicacy.

The daughter of Boyard Dimitry most certainly set a fair value upon his gentle simplicity, good breeding and better looks, even if she did not count in the list of his attractions, his wealth and station.

"Foveretta!" was murmured by her internally. "She has not learnt, and in all probability never may learn, the singular worth of a fresh and comparatively unsophisticated male nature, for flirtation. But I have, and will consequently appropriate the novelty she cares nothing for. It will afford me a pleasant week's amusement!"

How much longer it might last, it would be needless to inquire.

Philosophically, no right could exist for another to examine, too narrowly, into the less obvious impulse of her fancy.

It is, however, certain, that, in a remarkably brief space of time, she had eclipsed her friend in the eyes of—as well as captivated the heart of the sympathetic young noble. Whether he might ultimately have rejoiced in the capture or not, it will be impossible to surmise, as, after this evening, years elapsed before they again met.

Shortly after, the Count de Chateaupers joined them.

The supper with which all entertainments in the new city—it had not yet passed its fiftieth year—concluded, had not yet been announced. On his former visit, the French gentleman had learnt what the Russian habits of the table, at that day, were. Exceeding liberality in drinking was one of them. It was so in the whole of Europe. But in his own country, at any rate, this extreme conviviality was not shared with the females. He had seen the wife of a general unconsciously helped into her carriage, and the daughter of a Chamberlain of the deceased Tzarina carried to a bed-room, that she might sleep off the effects of too much wine assisted by Cognac, while he had formerly been in St. Petersburg. He had heard ladies of rank vilify their acquaintances and betray their own *liaisons*, under the influence of their potations. Possibly, he may merely have smiled, then. He was simply an unmarried man. Now, it was a very different thing. He would have recoiled with an unspeakable disgust from a scene of female revelry of which his wife might have been a spectator, and, perchance, have become, through circumstances and temptation, a participant in it.

Position changes cases.

Consequently, he offered Flodorowna his arm, which she accepted gladly.

"Remember—*don camarade*!" said Madame Dolgorouki, as he proffered his "adieu" to her—"that I have a claim upon you and your *belle dame*, for to-morrow." Pressing her lips affectionately upon the cheek of Flodorowna, she then added—"Little one! You will forgive my tongue."

Some few minutes later, the Frenchman and his lady were entering their carriage, in the gateway of the temporary palace of the Austrian Embassy.

Neither of them noticed a tall figure standing in the street, at a little distance from it. Beyond the line of light thrown through it by the torches of the domestics, it was, perhaps, impossible to detect more than its mere outline. Indeed, its face was partially veiled by the collar of the sheep-skin coat which covered its form, in defiance, as it seemed, of the heat of this period of the year.

When the vehicle rolled through the entrance to the court-yard into the street, this figure bent forward, and its fierce black eyes met those of Flodorowna.

She uttered a quick exclamation of terror, as she sank back in the carriage.

De Chateaupers saw her movement.

"What scared you—Fio?" he asked.

"It was the man—Henri."

"What man?"

"He was leaning forward from the shadow beyond the gate of the palace."

Looking from the window in the direction she indicated—shuddering as she did so—he could see nothing to alarm her. There were only some scores of hurrying domestics, with their torches, and the thronging citizens and serfs from the neighborhood.

"Who was it?"

"I scarcely like to say."

"Why—dear one?"

"Henri—you will laugh at me."

"As I live—no."

"He was wrapped in a sheepskin coat. Its collar was drawn around his mouth. I could only recognize his eyes."

"And those were—"

"They were the eyes of—"

"Speak up—Fio!" he said, as she paused.

"The eyes of Paul Dimitry!"

Although he had promised her that he would not laugh, the French nobleman laughed long and loudly.

"Child!" he at last said, careering her shoulder with his hand—"you are a little fool. The son of old Dimitry is not in Russia."

"They were his eyes."

"But not his mouth and chin."

"Have I not told you, that the collar of his sheepskin coat concealed them?"

"You could only see his eyes—then"—he asked, again laughing.

"Only his wicked and evil eyes—Henri."

As he noticed the continuous fear displayed in her tone, his manner became graver. He passed his arm around her, and drew her closer to him, until her head rested upon his bosom.

"See—how foolish you are, Flodorowna! The coward is now in France. I heard so, some months before we quitted it. In addition, he is as poor as a rat, and owns little else than his skin. Had he intended to return to Russia, he would not have found the means to do so."

Catharine Dolgorouki, very clearly, had not informed him or her friend, of the mode in which she had rid herself of some of her spare cash. The benevolence of Sapichy, if shown, had been similarly unostentatious. "And then—supposing he has returned. What injury dare he attempt to do you? Am not I with you?"

A proud smile curled his lip, as he said this. Even in the darkness of the carriage, by some unaccountable intuition, his wife felt that smile, and she, also, smiled.

"And yet"—she repeated to herself—"those were the eyes of Paul Dimitry."

In the meantime, the party they had quitted, had gathered round the supper-table.

The Austrian Ambassador was a *bon vivant*. In this respect, at least, he was the equal of the Duc de Richelieu. He had, also, as hard a head as any of the Russian nobility who were seated around the board upon the occasion. The board—head—the venison-pasty—the haunch of bear meat—the more delicate quail and pheasants, had already suffered, and the drinking had commenced. Rising to a standing position, he said—

"My lords and ladies, there is one health which it would bescom us to drink standing—the health of the Tsarina Elizabeth, shortly to be crowned Empress of all the Russias."

It may be observed that he was a man of few words, and that he toasted the Tsarina previous to proposing the health of the ruler of Austria. Perhaps, this may have arisen from his knowledge of the fact, that in the reign of the Great Peter, another Ambassador—the one from Holland—had narrowly escaped, with his ears unclipped, for not having given the aforesaid Peter precedence. Although, the great Tsar was now dead, he may have fancied that it would be as well to dispense with diplomatic dinner etiquette in the present instance.

When he lifted the goblet of Burgundy to his lips—it was a glass holding a pint—a Muscovite hurrah, scarcely more musical than the shout of the mounted Cossack, burst from the lips of his guests.

Richelieu shrugged his shoulders. He might, perchance, have stopped his ears, had he been there in a private capacity. Feeling that he could not do so, he quietly determined, upon any future Tartar state banquet, to have them well wadded with cotton.

As the guests reseated themselves—Catharine Dolgorouki was next the Hospodar, and had her head bent, listening graciously to his half-Eastern style of flattering compliment—that lady saw a serf follow one of the Austrian Ambassador's domestics from the door and stand behind Sapichy.

It was Podatchky.

The serf spoke in a low tone, and Sapichy turned his head.

A question was put and answered.

Then, a pause followed, after which Sapichy spoke again, and Podatchky retired.

She saw that as he did so, Dolgorouki, with a bland smile, bade one of the domestics supply him with something.

The servant, of course, obeyed him.

It was a tumblerful of Cognac that he placed before the count.

Whatever this nobleman's virtues may have been, temperance—in the modern acceptance of the term—was by no means one of them. For a Russian of the time, however, he was remarkably temperate. That is to say, he rarely commenced a night's drinking with raw spirit of any kind.

Catharine now saw him empty the tumbler at a draught.

Knowing that if he needed her counsel, she was sure to know what had disturbed him, she merely smiled, and turned to reply to her Wallachian conquest.

After some hour and a half had passed, the voices of the guests became louder. Richelieu told an exceedingly fast tale. The word is used, as the only delicate one that can at all indicate its grossness. The lady next him, who was a young and newly-married one, screamed with laughter.

Wine had rendered the Hospodar less courtly and more plain.

At half-past ten—society in those days kept earlier hours, and this was a late one—the French duke felt, that he had possibly drank something more than was absolutely necessary. In consequence, he rose. Evidently, he endeavored to steady himself. His Austrian host, who was less far gone, immediately stood up and offered him his arm. Instead of taking it, the Frenchman threw his around his diplomatic comrade's neck. Embraced in this fashion, they proceeded toward the door.

When they reached it, Richelieu released the Austrian, and turned round, leaning against one of the pillars which framed it.

"Where is Madame de Chateaupers?" he shouted out.

"Altogether!" replied a Russian nobleman. "Little blue-eyes has long since quitted us, with her husband."

"Diable!" said the French ambassador. "He is straight-laced enough to do duty as my chaplain." For a moment or two, he was lost in thought. Then he added, with an unsober gravity—"what a delicious housekeeper, she would make."

The Austrian was sober enough to look comparatively disgusted, but the Russians present—Sapichy among their number—enjoyed Richelieu's drunken speech. It enchanted the lady who had been sitting at the duke's side, so much, that she actually clapped her hands in approval.

Catharine Dolgorouki rose. Her dark eyes were flaming. It was, clearly, with difficulty that she restrained herself. She spoke, however, in a sharp and incisive tone.

"It seems to me, that the Duc de Richelieu is false to the traditional courtesy of his nation, when he makes such an insulting remark upon one who is born a Russ, among her own countrymen."

"Quite right—by St. Nicholas!" said the Hospodar, as with a desperate attempt to straighten himself in his chair, he slipped under the table, murmuring—"Countess! I adore you."

The rest of the company had been silenced. For the moment the French Ambassador seemed to be convulsed with drunken wrath. The Austrian had been profoundly impressed, by the words and manner of the daughter of the Boyard.

He attempted to lead the Duke from the apartment.

Richelieu shook him off, impatiently.

Then, he stepped toward the table, and stood opposite Catharine. Not a word was uttered, save that, beneath it, was murmured again—

"Countess! I adore you."

Sapichy smiled ironically, and, possibly, the consciousness of the drunken absurdity of the Wallachian sobered the French ambassador.

He pressed his right hand upon his brow for a brief space, and then looked fixedly at the Russian lady. While he spoke, the effect of the wine he had drunken left him.

"Madame!" he said—"I offer you and the company, my sincere apology for forgetting myself, and the respect due to the wife of Monsieur de Chateaupers. Allow me, in extenuation of my error, to say, that in Paris, when a lady drinks with gentlemen, she necessarily understands, that when 'the wine is in the wit is out.'"

With a low bow, he turned and quitted the chamber—somewhat unsteadily, it may be frankly owned.

The duke had acknowledged Catharine's reproof. Nor, must it be added, did she ever forget the one which he had so courteously administered.

She passed around the table, to Sapichy.

Offering her his arm, they followed Richelieu. On arriving in the gateway of the palace, her husband led her to—it was not the carriage they had arrived in.

Podatchky opened the door of their traveling droschky which was waiting them.

She looked round.

Two serfs, the one mounted and holding the reins of the other's horse—it was Podatchky's—were, apparently equipped for a long journey.

Another serf, whose face she did not recognize, held the bridle of Sapichy's horse, as if waiting for him.

"Your *femme de chambre* is in the droschky"—said Dolgorouki, in a grave voice. She was a recent importation of the countess's, and, consequently, was a privileged person. "Will you enter it—Catharine?"

"Where are we going?" she demanded.

"To Berenzoff."

"In God's name! for what reason?"

Her husband turned to the man who was standing by his horse.

"What was it, you told Podatchky?"

"That the Boyard bade the mistress come, if she would see him alive."

Catharine's face whitened even in the red light that fell on it from the torch borne by the domestic. Pressing her left hand to her heart, she placed her foot on the step of the carriage. Suddenly stopping, she turned to the serfs who were acting as postillions.

"For every hour saved, fifty roubles!"

Then she entered the droschky—the long whips cracked, and it rolled away.

Sapichy mounted.

"You will stay and rest"—he said to the serf of old Dimitry—"until eight in the morning. Then, follow us."

He galloped after the carriage, and was immediately followed by Podatchky and his companion.

Turning, for a moment, as the count disappeared in the gloom of the street, the man to whom he had just spoken, looked curiously at the guests who were issuing—perhaps, somewhat unsteadily—from the palace of the Austrian Ambassador, and demanding in no very sober fashion, their carriages and horses. As he did so, a rude hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Follow me."

When he heard the rough command, the serf looked round. It was to see the individual who had spoken to him—a dark-eyed man—by the wavering torch-light. He was comfortably, if not handsomely attired. This much might be seen, now that the outer garment of sheepskin, hanging from his shoulders was thrown back over the right one. His garb was, however, scarcely one which, of itself, was calculated to call out any prodigious degree of respect for the wearer's condition.

The habit of obedience which the run of centuries had ingrained in the Russian serf, as a class, would, nevertheless, have induced his compliance with the order—it was assuredly not a request—had it not been for his fatigue. For the last two days and nights he had not quitted the saddle.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"One who is now, possibly, your master! I am Paul Dimitry."

The serf started when he heard these words—intelligible enough, although uttered in a low tone.

"Will the master pardon me?"

"For not obeying, without knowing me! Why should I not?"

Even while he was speaking, the serf of his dying father was furiously examining that gloomy and evil face which was covered with the flush of a devilish delight. Only once before, many years back, could he remember having seen the son of the Boyard. Had it not been

for the untiring keenness of his memory—he was then a mere lad, but this had been sharpened by a lash from Paul's riding-whip for some fancied slight—he might, perhaps, have forgotten him. Yes! He knew the sharply exulting black eyes, the prominent cheek bones, the shaven and pointed chin, with the bitter and tyrannical, yet cowardly mouth. There could be no mistake. This man was now to be his master and the master of his fellows.

"Why had not St. Sergius or the devil taken him to one of their own bosoms. It would not have much mattered, which."

This rose within the serf's mind, as he followed the receding form of the son of the Boyard. It will be readily understood, that he did not utter it.

At last, they reached the river.

It was upon one of the, then, narrow quays fronting upon the Neva, that Paul Dimitry paused. No dwellings stood within some seventy yards of them. A pile of hewn and squared timber and the hull of an old boat, which had recently been fished from the melted ice which had, in the commencement of the preceding winter, smashed it, were the only objects visible in the gloom.

The master seated himself upon a log which had fallen from the pile of timber.

He who now was, or soon would be a piece of his human property, stood before him. Possibly, he may have thought, sharply and quickly, while following him to this lonely spot, that God might forgive him, if he made an end of his lord, for ever. But young Dimitry was strongly built. Cowardly as he was, his sense of danger might lend him courage. The serf reflected that he might fall. And, should he do so, then—With a shudder, he thrust the thought behind him. He dared risk the struggle. He, however, dared not encounter the chance of failure.

So, Paul Dimitry was safe.

"And now, what is it?"

"What would the master know?"

"About Ivan?"

"The old Boyard has been, long, near to the door of death."

"Why—was it not known?"

"He had commanded silence."

"Has not Catharine Dolgorouki been to see him—how is she away from him, now?"

"He bade her not come to Berenzoff, before the Coronation of the Tzarina had taken place."

"And she obeyed?"

"The master knows that the Boyard will be obeyed."

"Yes! May he be accursed"—were the unfilial words interjected by the Russian between his teeth, as he heard this. Was it, that, even while listening to the serf, he could not repress his jealousy of that sister who had once loved him? Or, was it that his hatred of him who had begotten him, was not quelled even in the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death?

"Well—what else?"

"Two nights since, the old master sent for me. The skin of his face was whiter, by far, than his beard. He was unable even to lift his hands."

"Where was he?"

"In his bed. He had been there for five days."

"Go on."

"You will ride to St. Petersburg—Kousky!" he said in his strong deep voice—it was unchanged. "Go to Saphely Dolgorouki's house. Ask for Catharine Dolgorouki—my daughter. Tell her that she must come at once, if she would see me living." Then he paused, and after a minute, spoke again. "I must do justice."

"Justice!" said Paul, suddenly. "What did the old fool mean?"

Even the coarse nature of the serf was shocked by this brutal question. Nevertheless, he answered it, humbly.

"Kousky does not know."

"Continue!"

"Then he said—'take my own horse—spare neither whip nor spur. The steward has orders to give you, fifty roubles. After you have given my message to Catharine, you may sleep or drink up what is left of it, as you choose.' He closed his eyes. I waited to hear what else he might will to say. Suddenly, opening them, he roared out—'Go, fool! in the devil's name. What are you staring at, like an idiot?' In fifteen minutes more, I had the money—master, and was in the saddle."

"Can he live?"

"Scarcely, until he sees the mistress!"

The son of the Boyard frowned as he heard the serf apply this title to his sister. In the darkness, the change in the expression of his countenance was unnoticed by his companion. After a short space, he again spoke.

"Where is the horse stabled?"

"With those of Count Dolgorouki—master."

"I will go with you. At what time did you arrive here?"

"Some three hours since, or more."

"You will bridle and saddle him."

"He has been on the road—master, for two days and nights."

To the attempted expostulation, young Dimitry made no reply. He was already walking in the direction of his brother-in-law's mansion.

After receiving the contemptuous charity of Catharine Dolgorouki, in the cottage of Mallo-witz, he had returned to Paris. He had made up his mind to revisit Russia. Why—he scarcely knew. Would he—disowned during his father's life—be, one whit better off, there, than in France? Yes! he thought so. He, at all events, felt certain that however Catharine might despise him, she would not let him starve. But, his passport was pledged to a money-lender, for more than one half of the contents of her purse. When he had redeemed it, it was consequently with difficulty that he eked out what was left, for his return. Great portion of the way, he had walked. Foot-sore and weary he had entered St. Petersburg, that morning. By chance, he had seen Fiodorowna quitting the palace of the Austrian embassy, when he had

strolled out, in the evening, from the miserable tenement in which he had hired a straw mattress, two stools, and a three-legged table. He had remained watching the equipages around the gateway. His heart—such heart as he had—was sore and bitter, as he enviously recognized the position which was his by right, and which his own ungovernable passion had thrust away from him.

Was he altogether wrong now, in believing that a special Providence had bidden him return?

Probably not. There are special Providences provided for man, by the devil, as well as by God.

BURNED TO DEATH.

THE STORY OF THE RING-MASTER.

"I HAVE often thought," remarked the ring-master, as he knocked the ashes from the end of his burning cigar with his little finger—"I have often thought, while listening to the stale jokes of Johnny Marler or some other clown—jokes at which the audience had laughed for the hundredth time—if those who were not directly interested in our profession ever thought of the matter-of-fact life we lead off the stage, or away from the ring; and which, by the way, when the paint is washed off the face and tinsel dress laid aside, is to me repulsive."

"Now I," pursued the ring-master, "can recall many a queer experience; and I have often paused, even when on the sawdust, to recall some fair, sweet girl's face, or those of manly, handsome young fellows, who, at first fascinated with the business of the circus, threw every other chance in life away, just because they could ride daintily on horseback, or accomplish acrobatic feats in spangles, that would bring down the house—and how many of these went to the bad?"

"I acknowledge—for, you see, I am an old hand at the business—there is, at the first, intoxication in this public applause; but, except for giving one a good reputation with managers, and better salary than ordinarily is allotted the poor rider or gymnast, there is little in it. After a time, the bright youths, that come to us full of ambition and courage, lag at their business; and then they seek stimulants, and soon get to be shaky, unreliable, and in a season or two afterward are to be met shiftless, bloated wretches, hanging around bar-rooms and beer-gardens, singing comic songs or swallowing sword-blades, or walking on their hands for pennies, or, what is worse, whiskey."

"Yes, sir, I, Henry Jacobs—in the business once known as the celebrated lifter of weights and breaker of stones with my clinched fist—know all this. I congratulate myself on one thing—as Henry Jacobs privately, or Herr Wilderbock publicly—I never permitted liquor, not even 'bock bier,' to get the mastery of me. If I had, do you suppose, when my all but superhuman strength left me, as it did one night—to my great grief, loss and astonishment—I would have been promoted to the honorable post of ring-master?"

"Said Mr. Owens, the senior proprietor of the circus, to me—said he, when it was declared I could never again raise five hundred pounds dead weight at one time, because of the rupture I had sustained."

"We want a good, discreet ring-master, Mr. Jacobs, and we know you to be a man that can be relied on. If you'll take the place—Worrell has got to be such a bummer we can't rely on him—we'll continue your present salary until the end of the season."

"It was kind of Mr. Owens. But I thought a moment, and then said:

"You are good indeed, sir; but, you see Worrell has a young wife, and two or three children—Master Edward, the posturist, and Miss Helen, the pretty rope-walker and dancer—and what will they do—poor things! if he is thrown out?"

"I felt it right to say that, even if Mr. Owens was a circus exhibitor. He was a kind-hearted gentleman. He answered my objection by assuring me that he didn't mean to discard the children or the mother, even if the father declined, at half salary, the place in the stable among the others that he intended to offer him."

"If you, Mr. Jacobs," he continued, "refuse the position because of Worrell's family, both on my own and partner's account, I shall certainly, as soon as I can, secure a capable man, and send Worrell adrift or into the stable. So, make your selection, only I shall be sorry to miss you, if you persist in declining."

"I closed with the company's offer, and when Worrell heard that he had been superseded in the ring and sent to the stables, he made no objection."

"He said to me:

"Jacobs, it just serves me right. I've let rum become my master, and I suppose I shall die some day a drunkard; and the sooner the better for my wife and children's sake."

"With these words he went off of the sawdust, and I was installed in his place. But I have many a time since wished I had refused Mr. Owens's offer. Had I put on my coat that evening, and said to myself, I have done with the circus business, I would never have constantly before me that which happened a fortnight subsequently, when we were exhibiting at Union, and which ended in the deaths of Master Edward and Miss Helen. But, it has been ordained by a wise Providence that we shall not be permitted to know aught of our future—and that is my argument when I recall the dreadful end of Worrell's bright and beautiful children."

"It happened in this wise, sir: We had been so successful at Union, drawing afternoon and evening crowded houses, the people coming in from miles around, that our owners, having an overflowing treasury, determined on giving the young people a treat, and mounted the panto-

mime of Jack the Giant-Killer, at their parents' request.

"To present the play with effect, it was thought proper to build a passage-way from the dressing-room doors of the ladies and gentlemen of the company, to the centre of the pit, where, when the pantomime was called on, as the closing part of the entertainment a trap-door could be removed, that was concealed by a hollow tree, made of canvas painted all over."

"Through this seeming tree Master Edward, in velvet tights and spangles, his little lithe limbs and arms decorated with cambric in ruffles and ribbons of many colors, was to pass to and fro. He was a very pretty boy, but not so handsome as his sister, and it used to touch me to the quick when the people applauded those children, most because I remembered what a sot their father was, and what a weary life, with an early old age, was before them. That is what I thought before Jack the Giant-Killer was mounted beneath the canvas of our big tent at Union."

"Worrell, losing what little respect he had left, got into such dreadful habits, that it was not safe to leave him even in the stable, and so he was brought nearer to the pit, to fetch and carry, where before he had commanded."

"The show-bills, which had been publicly posted around the town, and in the neighboring villages (when everything was ready), announced the additional attraction of the newly mounted pantomime, for the first, and because of its sad ending, the last night of the performance. The seats in the amphitheatre, and, indeed, in every part of the place where it was possible to stow a 'half-dollar' or 'quarter,' was occupied with rustic sight-seers."

"At seven o'clock—the month was December, and night set in early—the performances commenced. I shall not trouble myself to describe to you the character of the *grande entrée*, or the jokes of the clown, or of the leaps and daring horseback-riding, without saddle or bridle, of our star equestrienne, the noted and graceful Mdlle. De Vere, nor of the double somersaults of those great artists, the Brothers Flau-venue, but proceed at once to the denouement."

"You have, of course, read the nursery story of Jack the Giant Killer, and, therefore, the plot of the pantomime is familiar to you. It was only amended in this wise: Besides the brave little Jack, who delighted his soul in slaughtering giants of grim aspect—represented by Master Edward—we had a sweet little fairy in Miss Helen, whose leading duty it was to follow Jack in his daring adventures up trees and bean stalks of mighty proportions, and save him, just at the opportune moment, from destruction by the fierce cannibals, who commonly regaled themselves upon the tender bodies of little children."

"The play went on bravely for some minutes, to the entire satisfaction of the senior portion of the audience, and, of course, to the inexpressible delight of the juveniles, who envied Master Edward, as the giant-killer, the brilliant exploits he successfully attempted."

"And now, sir, I come to the terrible part of the pantomime—to the sad business that was unknown to the posters, and certainly not contemplated at the rehearsal."

"Jack had, for the second or third time, ascended to and descended from the world of giants, which the pit represented, to the world of the earth, which was supposed to lie under the arena, and to which access was had by means of the majestic bean stalk and the imitation tree. And whenever Jack appeared, in white, light gauze, but assumed to be invisible to him and his ponderous enemies, was seen pretty, star-eyed Helen."

"What a sweet little angel that child was, with her rich yellow hair, that shone like burnished gold in the rays of the lights that illuminated the vast tent, and particularly the centre of the great arena! Her eyes were of heaven's blue, and the expression in them was so very pure, that I could never resist, when I met her off the sawdust, taking her in my arms, and, while I mentally petitioned the Father of all to watch over and guard her from every evil, pressing her to my heart. Ah, what a sorrow it bears for her even now!"

"What fate was it that permitted the father of those children, at the most critical moment, while standing triumphant over the well-hole that opened in the centre of the circus-ring, giving ingress and egress to the tunnel, from the private as well as public parts of the house of canvass—what fate, I repeat, was it that permitted the irresponsible sot to enter the passage and ignite the red and blue fires that were to give color to the whole of the concluding scene?"

"I was in the arena, my attention directed elsewhere, but that was for an inappreciable second of time."

"I heard a cry from the audience, and next I saw a flash of light, as if a great flame had suddenly filled the space; then came cries, roars, shrieks of agony from the throats of a thousand men and women, who instinctively stood up, their eyes fixed on the centre of the arena with a look of awe, of horror, in them."

"I took this all in to my comprehension in a single beat of time, and with it the thought that the patient, loving brother and sister were enveloped in the flames. I tore off my coat as I ran toward them, and threw it around the little girl; while some person, with equal presence of mind, seized upon the boy, and endeavored to extinguish the body-devouring fires."

"We were too late!"

"I may not depict the awful agonies those children suffered during the long night that followed."

"The street in front of the hotel at which we had put up was crowded until daylight with the fear-stricken people who had witnessed the terrible catastrophe, and who only dispersed when it was announced to them that the great agony had ceased—that the little impersonators were beyond pain and human sympathy."

"As for the father, all I can say is, that he

was nowhere to be found. Many days subsequent to the sad tragedy, a body was fished out of the rapids of the river, just below Union. It was identified as that of John Worrell's, the father of the children, who, I may here say, were placed in the public cemetery. This we learned by telegraph in another State."

"What became of the mother of the children, Mrs. Worrell?" asked one of the ring-master's listeners.

"She also is dead. She died a raving maniac!"

NEWS BREVITIES.

GOLD has been discovered near Mount Ayr, Iowa.

GOVERNOR HENDER, of Vermont, is almost well again.

JOLLIFICATION is the name given to a new town in Mississippi.

BALTIMORE breweries brewed 120,000 barrels of lager beer last year.

Of all the school-teachers in the United States, two-thirds are women.

THE Quebec ship-yards are now building eight ships and eighteen barks.

THE races at Pickett Spring, Ala., near Montgomery, commence May 18th.

THE liver of a fowl which died recently in Worcester, Mass., weighed two pounds.

THE famous fall of St. Anthony, at Minneapolis is rapidly retreating up the Mississippi.

GALVESTON, Texas, is to have a new theatre, built by subscription. Already \$40,000 are subscribed.

CROP reports in our exchanges from all parts of the country are on the whole, thus far, very favorable.

THERE were 20,000 bricks in the three chimneys of an old hotel recently torn down in Concord, N. H.

THE MORMONS are organizing a corps of women lecturers, to describe the beauties of their faith.

A MISSISSIPPI paper reports that Mobile is anxious to be joined to the great State of Mississippi.

Six amendments to the Constitution of Missouri are to be voted upon at the general election in the fall.

THE cotton crop in Georgia and Florida is said, by the local papers, to be unusually backward this year.

EX-GOVERNOR McMULLEN, of Virginia, has announced that he would accept a nomination for Congress.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHNSON has just purchased a three-story brick house, known as the Lowry House, in Greenville, Tenn.

It is contemplated to construct a bridge over the Hudson at Lansingburgh, to be used both for the projected railroad and other purposes.

THE long season of dry weather has done great injury to the crops in California, and in portions of the State they are reported to be failures.

It is claimed that at several points there are strong indications that a considerable bed of salt underlies a portion of the town of Soda, New York.

THE fourth trial for the election of a Senator in Newport, R. I., on the 29th ult., resulted in the choice of Samuel Powell by 400 majority over Gould.

FROG hunting is becoming a profession with the youngsters around Memphis. From ten to fifteen dollars a day can be made as it by a skillful fisherman.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, is excited over a stranger who has been there a year, paying his hotel bills regularly, and whose only business is to walk sixteen miles every day.

A BOSTON clergyman has been denouncing the frequent worshippers at free churches able to help in their support, who pass the envelopes back neatly folded, but empty.

A SECT in Massachusetts have found that Sunday comes on Saturday, beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon. A church has been formed, and a clergyman engaged.

A MONTREAL policeman recently arrested a boy for cruelty to frogs. He and his companions had placed a kettle of water on a fire, and soured seven frogs into it to be boiled alive.

THE big oil well at Brady's Bend, which has created so much excitement of late in the oil district, flows a steady stream of light petroleum at the rate of three hundred barrels in twenty-four hours—or fifty dollars' worth in an hour.

At Fort Scott, Kansas, it is asserted that a man buying a lot, can dig stone enough on it to build a house, cement for his cellar and cistern, ochre to paint the house, and coal enough at the bottom to last the family a lifetime.

A LATE canvass of Maryland shows that it has 45,000 black voters. As there are about 35,000 white Republicans, and the Democrats cannot poll over 70,000 votes, the next political contest in the State will be an interesting one.

THE Vicksburg (Miss.) "Times" says that the people of that city refused to comply with Governor Alcorn's proclamation for a day of thanksgiving, and that none of the churches were opened. In Jackson the day was generally observed.

CONNECTICUT is talking of a State Convention to revise its Constitution, by striking out the word white from the qualifications of voters, and changing the time of the annual election to November, that the Legislature may sit in the winter.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE man carries what money he has in a pocket-book which his father bought in 1776, and which has been in constant use by the two since that day. It is yet in good condition and he has enraptured his son by promising to bequeath it to him.

A LADY in Michigan has recently recovered her reason, after being insane twenty-three years. The interval has been a blank, but she remembers vividly whatever occurred before it, and sadly puzzles her new friends by her stories of "what occurred a few weeks ago."

THE personal property left by George Peabody in Essex County, Mass., alone, is valued at \$150,000. The amount of his property returned to the court in England is about \$400,000, not far from two and a quarter millions of dollars in currency. The whole amount in this country is not yet made public.

THE San Francisco "Bulletin" is sanguine "at the Polar gates, if ever unlocked, will swing toward the Pacific, and it asks, if Congress is to expend \$100,000 for further Arctic expeditions, that two expeditions start on a given day, one following the old Eastern route, and the other going up by the way of Behring Straits."



MASSACHUSETTS.—FUNERAL, IN THE CITY OF BOSTON, ON SATURDAY, APRIL 23, OF ANSON BURLINGAME, LATE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AND AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY FROM THE IMPERIAL COURT AT PEKIN, CHINA, TO THE WESTERN POWERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

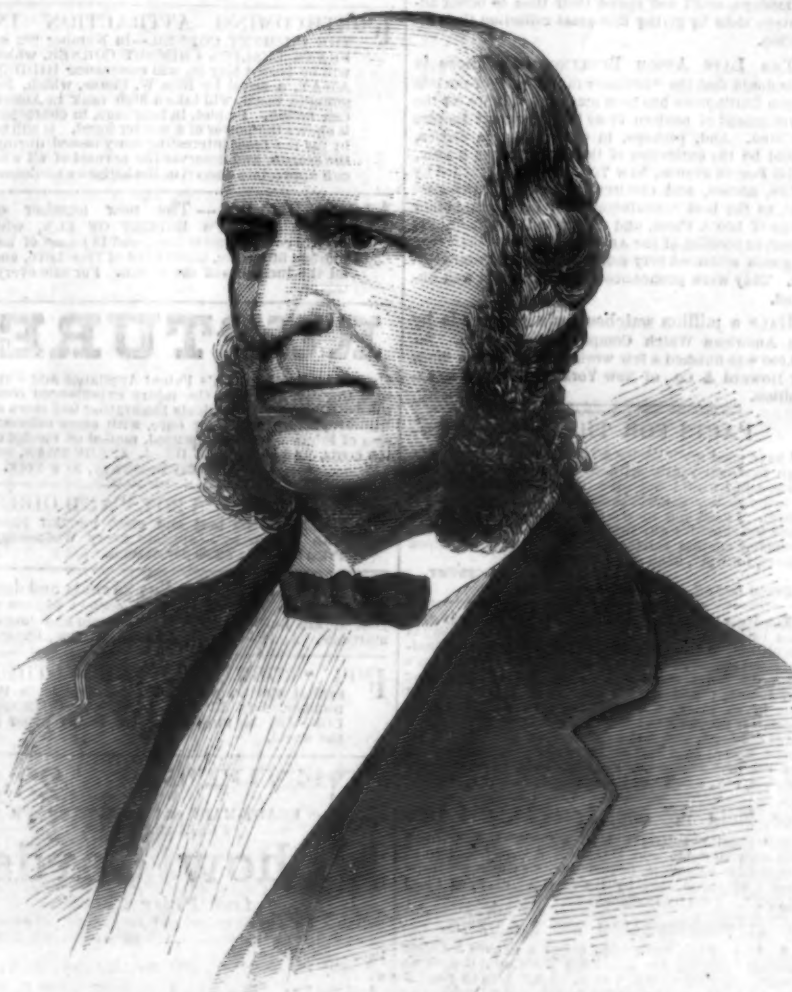


THE COMING MAN.—A CHINESE LAUNDRY IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—THE COMING MAN WASHING, DRYING, SPRINKLING, AND IRONING CLOTHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 133.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE HON. ANSON BURLINGAME AT BOSTON, MASS.

MORE interesting even than the last sad rites attending the burial of George Peabody, was the funeral of the Hon. Anson Burlingame, at Boston, Mass., on Saturday, April 23d. Although a native of New York State, his early years were spent in Massachusetts, and the qualities of mind and heart which have placed him so prominently before the world, were formed under the influences of the old Commonwealth. A feeling that he was a son of Massachusetts seems to have been generally cherished, and, as a natural result, the streets were filled early in the morning with vehicles and pedestrians, who had journeyed thither for the purpose of paying the last sad tribute of respect to the departed statesman. At nine o'clock the remains were taken from Faneuil Hall, and, escorted by the Independent Corps of Cadets, were carried to the Arlington street (Unitarian) Church, where a very large crowd had assembled, completely blocking the aisles and passage-ways, rendering locomotion a matter of great difficulty. At eleven o'clock the body was slowly borne into the church, while a dirge was beautifully chanted by the choir. Appropriate selections of Scripture were then read by the Rev. Dr. E. S. Gannett, and a hymn, written for the occasion by the poet Whittier, was sung. The Rev. Dr. George W. Briggs, of Cambridge, then delivered an eloquent address on the life, services and character of the distinguished diplomat. A procession was then formed in the following order:

Police platoon, Boston Independent Cadets, Pall-bearers—Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Hon. John H. Clifford, Hon. N. P. Banks, Hon. Elliott C. Cowdin, of New York, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, R. B. Forbes, and Hon. Charles R. Train; Cadets, hearse, Cadets; train of seventy carriages with the following: Relatives, and Dr. Gannett, Dr. Briggs and Dr. Peabody. Personal friends. Committee of Arrangements. Chief of Police of Cambridge, Chief of Police of Boston, Mayors of Boston and Cambridge; Governor and staff; Executive Council; Legislative Committee; other State Officers; City Council of Boston; City Council of Cambridge; City Council of Chelsea; City Council of Charlestown; Committee of Board of Trade; Amicable Lodge, with Delegations from other Lodges (100 men),



THE LATE EX-JUDGE ABRAHAM D. RUSSEL, OF NEW YORK CITY.

George B. Eaton, Marshal, Samuel P. Adams, Master.

On leaving the church the column proceeded through Arlington street, Beacon street, Charles street, and Cambridge street, to West Boston Bridge, and from thence in a direct line through Cambridgeport and Cambridge to Mount Auburn. The decorations on the route were very extensive, and in excellent taste. The late hour at which the cortege reached the burial-ground necessitated the hurrying of the final ceremonies incident to the depositing of the body in the tomb, and formed an untimely conclusion to the exercises of the day.

Our illustration represents the funeral cortege passing up Arlington street and opposite the equestrian statue of Washington, placed in the public garden.

THE LATE ABRAHAM D. RUSSEL, EX-JUDGE NEW YORK CITY.

DEATH has been unusually active in our midst of late, removing from professional and social circles members whose influence was valuable to their fellow-citizens, and whose characters were composed of such qualities that make close friendships and happy lives.

Not the least painful of recent demises is that of Ex-Judge Abraham D. Russel, which occurred at his residence in New York city, at an early hour on Tuesday morning, April 26th, from pulmonary apoplexy.

He had, the evening before, attended a private operatic performance in the theatre of the Union League Club, on Twenty-sixth Street, near Madison Avenue, in company with his wife and their daughter, Miss Sallie Russel, who had sustained a prominent character in the performance of the evening, which was the opera of "Lucetta Borgia." Upon returning home, Judge Russel repaired to the basement of his residence to obtain some supper which he had previously directed to be prepared. Mrs. and Miss Russel did not accompany him to the dining-room, but, soon after his going down-stairs, they heard a scream from a servant-girl, and, hastening to the basement, saw the judge falling to the floor in an apoplectic fit, which caused his death a moment afterward. Medical aid was promptly summoned, but death ensued before any physicians reached the house.

His sudden and totally unexpected death caused feelings of profound grief in legal and social circles, and several of the courts were

adjourned as a mark of respect to his memory. Judge Russel, who had long occupied prominent judicial positions in this city, was born in 1812, in Savannah, Ga., and was consequently fifty-eight years of age at the time of his death. He came to this city at the age of thirteen, and, after completing a thorough preparatory course, matriculated at Yale College. Here he was known as a hard student, and from this institution he graduated with distinction. Returning to New York, he entered the law office of Mr. W. A. Seely, and was soon after appointed by Governor Marcy as a Master-in-Chancery, which position he filled for more than six years. In 1856, he was nominated by the Democratic party for City Judge, and was elected by a large majority. He took his seat upon the city bench January 1, 1857, and continued in office until January 1, 1861, being succeeded by Judge McCann. In 1863, Judge McCann was elected to his present position on the Superior Court bench, and the vacancy in the City Judgeship thus occasioned was filled by the appointment by Governor Seymour of Judge Russel to fill Judge McCann's unexpired term. In the following fall Judge Russel was again nominated for City Judge, and again triumphantly elected for the term beginning January 1, 1864, and ending January 1, 1869, when Judge Gunning S. Bedford, the present incumbent, was installed.

While Judge Russel was eminently successful in his public career, his uniform suavity of address, demonstrative affection for his friends, liberality of heart, and fondness of home, constituted him one of the most valuable as well as prominent members of metropolitan society. The funeral took place on Friday, April 29th, in Grace Church, and was largely attended by members of the bar, city officials, and other citizens. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A TAX on patience—Doctors' bills.
A PAIR of Pincers—Frost and east wind.
THE Central Criminal Court—Conscience.
THE waiter's elysium—Where "order" reigns.
THE torture best endured by toppers—Being brangled.
A SPRING circuit—Jumping through the hoops held for the riders round a circus.
A CHAP who bought a gas-meter wanted to know "how long such a box-full would last."
A BACHELOR friend who dislikes young married couples "because they are apt to give themselves heirs."
A TEXAS negro, on being arrested for polygamy, said: "Why, hi! I hasn't got but four 'mentments yet, and de law openly lows de colored man fifteen!"
A LITTLE girl who was watching a balloon ascension suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, I shouldn't think God would like to have that man go up to heaven alive!"

DURING the Harrison excitement in Ohio in 1840, some benches gave way at a barbecue, whereupon a patriotic lady stood up and said, "Let nobody be killed but women, for they can't vote."

THE learned Professor Porson had a great horror of the east wind; and Tom Sheridan is said to have once kept him a prisoner in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weathercock in that direction.

A FRENCHMAN once hired a room in Paris on condition that the servant would wake him up every morning at daybreak, and tell him the day of the week, the state of the weather, and under what form of government he was living.

A PHOTOGRAPHER presented a revolver at the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph, with the cheering remark: "My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling, I'll blow your brains out." He smiled a ghastly smile.

NOBODODY host (who has just finished carving a turkey)—"Will you have a small piece of the dark meat, or a small piece of the white meat?" Hungry guest (who is addicted to the habit of plain speaking)—"Thank you; I'll take a large piece of both!"

SAFE GENEROSITY.—A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will rob yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels. "Not at all," replied the innocent; "I have three or four more in my pocket."

"Ah, my dear friend," said the gushing Sophonisba, "your eyes are filled with tears. My heart bleeds for you. My eyes reflect the briny drops in yours. Come, console your grief to one who sympathizes with you. Come to my arms, dear soul, and tell me all. Confidence relieves sorrow." "I have been peeling a peck of onions for pickles," was the rejoinder.

A BOY once complained of his bedfellow for taking half of the bed. "And why not?" said his mother, he is entitled to half, is he not, my son?" "Yes, certainly, mother," said the aggrieved boy; "but how would you like to have him take out all the soft for his half? He insists upon having his half out of the middle of the bed, and I'm obliged to sleep on both sides of him."

A Lesson in the Art of Decorating Utility.

The general use of silver, the "white gold," of the Egyptians, has always accompanied high civilization. Less gorgeous than gold, it is more satisfying to the eye, and, like gold, neither rusts nor corrodes by the action of the atmosphere. It has extraordinary malleability; can be beaten into leaf 1-100,000 of an inch in thickness, and drawn into wire measuring 400 feet to the grain, yet is so firm and tenacious that a wire one-twelfth of an inch in diameter will support a weight of 180 pounds. These qualities have made silver the favorite metal for the finer domestic uses in all times. The use of ornamental articles made from silver is mentioned in the Old Testament, and by ancient writers. In Rome it was applied to the domestic use, and was also used by the superstitious, as it has ever been, for votive offerings to the saints. That the silversmith's art, in ancient Rome, was not carried to a high pitch, may be inferred from the fact, that, when CONSTANTINE the Great wished to make a present to the Roman churches, he bought his silver in bulk and apportioned it out, allotting a certain number of pounds to each church, to be beaten and melted into chalices, cups, candle-sticks, etc., after it was received. Such a present would be disastrous to

a poor congregation in our day, when the cost of work done on silverware varies from four to fifty times the value of the metal used. In the middle ages Limoges became very much celebrated for its silver-work, and later, Paris. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the art was so highly esteemed at Paris, that BENVENUTO CELLINI, the great Italian silversmith, was received, on his visit at the French Court, with little less than royal honors. A palace was given him for a workshop, and a present of 500 crowns, beside a pension of 600 crowns per annum to live upon. Some beautiful designs—since consigned by avarice to the melting-pot—were, in that age, perpetuated in silver, passing generally into the hands of the wealthy monasteries and powerful nobles. But the methods of working were still very slow and cumbersome. At London and Birmingham, the great centers of the trade during the first half of this century, the metal was manufactured in the same blacksmith style, with forge, hammer, and file; but, in the last twenty years, since the art of working in silver has been extensively practised in our own inventive land, more important improvements have been made in it than during many centuries before. Most of these improvements in the processes of manufacture have been introduced by a single great house—that of TIFFANY & Co., of this city—and it is by their productions that the superiority of American solid silver-ware is best illustrated.

The artisans who made the report of the silverware at the Exposition Universelle remarks: "TIFFANY & Co. have but a very small case of silver goods, but the articles exhibited are of a very superior class; nothing equal to them in either the French or English departments; altogether, they are lessons in the art of decorating utility." Another report says of them: "Compared with works of a similar kind exhibited by other countries, they seem to be perfect in their class, having no rivals. While other exhibits rest principally upon rare and costly works, elaborated to the highest degree, this little display of the Americans rests upon humble work, proving that ordinary articles may be exalted and invested with a dignity that will entitle them to rank with the proudest achievements of industrial art."

The London Art Journal reluctantly acknowledges that these exhibits hold their own beside the best of England and France, and observes, with a genuine John Bull compassion for this untutored land: "The establishment of the Messrs. TIFFANY is the largest in the New World. It is of great importance, therefore, that they minister to pure taste in America; they are doing so, if we may judge from their contributions." The ELKINGTONS, of Birmingham, the largest manufacturers of silver-plated ware in the world, paid this was a higher compliment than any words could do, by buying a half dozen of the pieces directly from the show-case, at retail prices, after their offer to buy the whole lot was refused, and copying them exactly in their own manufactures, in order, probably, to "minister to a pure taste" in England. The pieces bought were all ordinary articles of household ware, and that was the very reason the Birmingham firm was so much struck by them. A massive tankard, or elaborate christening cup, to be produced only on State occasions, of artistic merit and great value, they could comprehend; but an ice-pitcher, which was fit for everyday table use, and was at the same time a work of art—that was a revelation to them.—*New York Tribune.*

A STORE FOR THE SALE OF THE RARE AND CURIOUS IN ART.—At 557 Broadway there is a store almost unequalled in its collections of the curious and odd in art. We refer to the old "Alhambra," occupied, for eighteen years past, by Daniel Marley, Esq., and now by his successors, Sypher & Co. Chancing in there the other day, we were surprised at the size of the store itself, as well as the rare and choice collection which it contains. Its walls are covered with works of art, mostly by the old masters. The old courts of Spain and the royal Fontainebleau add their richly carved furniture and choice ornaments, while artistic and elegant statuary and bronzes fill every space. The student and connoisseur, as well as those desiring to inspect elegant furniture, whether antique or modern, could not spend their time to better advantage than by giving this great collection their attention.

THE LATE ANSON BURLINGAME.—There is little doubt that the "untimely taking off" of the late Anson Burlingame has been most unfortunate for the development of modern ideas in the ancient Empire of China. And, perhaps, in not so large a degree, would be the extinction of the firm of NIX & SMITH, of 340 Fourth Avenue, New York, who are regarded by ladies, nurses, and children, residents on the East side, as the best manufacturers of French and other styles of boots, shoes, and gaiters in the city. In the recent exposition of the American Institute their case of goods attracted very general attention from visitors. They were pronounced handsome and well finished.

HALF a million watches have been made by the American Watch Company at Waltham. No. 500,000 was finished a few weeks since. It was made for Howard & Co., of New York, who have it on exhibition.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Machine for more than fourteen years, without a cent's worth of repairs, and I would not give it for a new one to-day. It looks rather the worse for wear, but works like a charm. I used one needle for five years, until it was worn too short for any further use. I have made one thousand custom shirts, and stitched fifty-six dozen collars, four-ply, each day for four years.

MRS. MARY E. KINGSBURY.
Green Island, Albany Co., N. Y.

Ladies Desire what Men Admire.—And this little thing is Beauty. What do we say is beautiful? A transparent complexion, and a luxuriant head of hair. What will produce these? Hagan's Magnolia Balm will make any lady of thirty appear but twenty; and Lyon's Kaibairon will keep every hair in its place, and make it grow like the April grass. It prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the finest Hair Dressing in the world, and at only half ordinary cost. If you want to get rid of Sallowness, Pimples, Ring-marks, Moth-patches, etc., don't forget the Magnolia Balm, ladies.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, and Tan. Use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only Reliable and Harmless Remedy known to Science for removing brown discolorations from the Face. Prepared only by Dr. R. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

"We have been using a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for about ten years, and it does as good work now as when new. I feel free to recommend it to the public as the best Sewing Machine in use."—*R. E. Barnett, M. D., Greenfield, Ind.*

ALTMAN BROTHERS & CO., SIXTH AVENUE,

ARE NOW OPENING A FULL STOCK OF

BEST BLACK SILKS.

100 Pieces GROS GRAIN, white edge,	\$1.35 worth 1.75
100 " " " " " " " "	1.50 " 2.00
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Also a New and Complete Assortment of

LADIES' AND MISSES' SUITS.

LADIES' WHITE WALKING-SUITS, deeply nounced, at \$4.50.
SPLENDID BUFF-LINED SUITS at \$6.00, worth \$10.
(Elaborately Trimmed with full Overskirts.)
SILK WARP PONGEE SUITS at \$3.50.
(Making and Trimming of which is worth more.)
RUFFLED WALKING-SKIRTS, 90c., worth \$1.50.
TUCKED BOSOM CHERMISES, \$1.10, worth \$1.50.
THOMPSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSETS at \$1.00, worth \$2.00!
(These are Stitched in Colored Silk—a bargain.)

DRESS GOODS! DRESS GOODS!!

New Shade Silk Warp FRENCH POPLINS, 75c.
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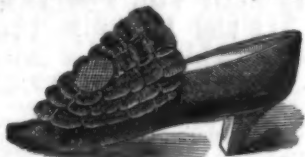
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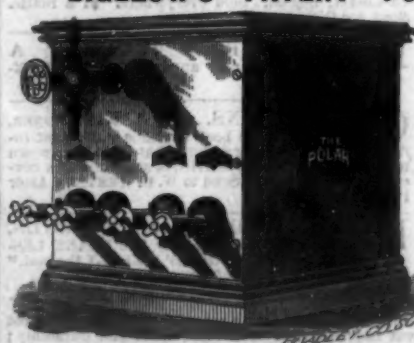
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